Kenneth Tynan — *Robert Brustein*

A Vote for Commoner — *Sidney Lens*

Irish — *Graham*

ARITR***BAL19 31 NP OCT80
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA OH 44017

THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 23, 1980

Price One Dollar

The Romance of Travel

RECEIVED
AUG 19 '80
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
RITTER LIBRARY

Dance of the Democrats—*TRB, Kondracke*

CC-0. Licensed to UNZ.org
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Sin and evangelism

To the editors:

Concerning "Born Again Bland" (*TNR*, August 2 & 9): I find it amazing that Henry Fairlie, who has written so perceptively about personal sin, has only sweeping disdain for those evangelical media leaders who are willing to confront us about the sin and degeneracy so rampant today in our national life.

Tom Basil
Annapolis, Maryland

Defects of 'Death'

To the editors:

David Smith's review of *Life for Death* by Michael Mewshaw in your June 14 issue was unfair and inept. (I should point out that Mewshaw is a friend of mine.) Mewshaw's book is a solid, powerful work. The most embarrassing thing about Smith's review is that the defects he picked out were exactly wrong. For example, Mewshaw explains at length why, even though he is a novelist, he felt he had to tell this story straight; Smith then muses, as if the thought had never occurred to Mewshaw, that the story would have worked better in fiction. Also, since what the book is about is Wayne Dresbach's childhood, it is bizarre for a reviewer to complain that this subject is not explored. This book deserved a more sensible review.

James Fallows
Washington, DC

The 'greenhouse effect'

To the editors:

In his August 2 & 9 commentary on *The Global Report to the President*, TRB misleadingly wrote that "burning coal liberates carbon dioxide . . . unless care is taken," the unwanted CO2 perhaps having a "greenhouse effect." In fact, the active ingredients in every common fuel—coal, oil, gas, motor fuels, wood, peat, garbage—are carbon and hydrogen; the fuel's available energy is released by combining the C and H with oxygen from the air; and the more CO2 thereby produced, the more energy is obtained. There is no way of efficiently obtaining energy from such fuels without producing carbon dioxide.

Coal has other problems—sulfur emissions, transportation, ash residues, its own politics of availability. When it comes to "greenhouse effects," though, coal is just another burnable material. The critical question is the amount of all fuels burned.

John W. Schaefer
Boston, Massachusetts

Utopian reforms

To the editors:

Stanley Hoffmann's review of *The Lean Years* (*TNR*, August 2 & 9), though generally fair, oversimplifies my argument. I say in the book that scarcity is "planned" in that it is a consequence of the planning system that has been developed by multinational corporations in collaboration with governments. Maldistribution and suffering obviously are not desired by those in charge of the present planning system, but they flow inevitably from our inability to reform the system.

The Lean Years is about 85 percent description and analysis. The prescriptions to which most of Stanley Hoffmann's review was addressed constitute an intellectual agenda, not a strategy of change. All such sketches of alternative ways of managing resources make inviting targets for reviewers, but Professor Hoffmann's despair at resolving the dilemmas inherent in creating a new international economic order leaves us nowhere. There are compelling theoretical reasons why disarmament, sensible resource management, and a more equitable economic order are unrealizable. That they are necessary to avert mass starvation, staggering unemployment, and monumental instability is supported by a number of serious studies, most recently the US government study *Global 2000*. The responsibility of intellectuals is to try to resolve what Hoffmann calls the "ambiguities of democratic reformism"—what a democratic planning system could be, how to reconcile the need for global resource management with the need for greater community stability and self-reliance, etc. Safer professorial pursuits—wishful thinking in defense of a collapsing order or dispassionate analyses of coming catastrophes—are no longer enough. The moderate proposals in *The Lean Years*, many of which have been culled from the recommendations of international agencies, may indeed look utopian, but the alternative to systemic systems reform is to keep marching to annihilation under the banner of realism.

Richard J. Barnet
Washington, DC

A singular kudos

To the editors:

Marc Granetz recently wrote (Washington Diarist, *TNR*, August 2 & 9): "For me, these kudos are conveyed none too soon." Well, soon or not, the sentence is none too grammatical. The "s" in "kudos" does not indicate the plural; "kudos" is construed as singular in the choice of a verb.

Rabbi Lyle Kamlet
Mount Vernon, New York

Rungs of charity

To the editors:

In his otherwise delightfully barbed review of Jan Morris's *Destinations* (*TNR*, July 26), Donald R. Katz misattributes the Jewish gradations of charity to the Talmud. The eight gradations are from Maimonides's *Moreh Nebuchim*, Guide for the Perplexed.

Katz also misses the rung. Charity from one unknown to another is not at the bottom of the ladder. That rung is reserved for the reluctant giver whose arm must be twisted.

Bert S. Gerard
Los Angeles, California

Civil liberties for whom?

To the editors:

I agree with Louis B. Schwartz that the ACLU is wrong in opposing the Kennedy-Drinan bills to reform the federal criminal code ("Civil Liberties vs. the ACLU," *TNR*, July 26). But I am surprised that anyone is still surprised that the ACLU is on the wrong side of a civil liberties issue. For at least a decade the ACLU has been dominated by the belief that what Americans fear is not robbery, assault, murder, or rape, but government attempts to prevent and punish such crimes. It is true, of course, that we cannot and should not use criminal actions in police stations or in the courts to fight crime. But it is also true that our real threats now come

(continued on page 39)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from New York
August 23, 1980

Do We Need This?

About midnight last Wednesday, as the Democratic convention polled Pennsylvania in the call of the states, a great roar went up, the band played, the rafters shook, all the little banners fluttered at once, and history recorded that Jimmy Carter had been renominated for the presidency. Can he beat Ronald Reagan? Doubtful, but conceivable.

While the ovation continued the chairman roared out at 12:20 that he had a message from Ted Kennedy; there was a sudden hush. It was what everyone had waited for. Yes, said the message, Teddy Kennedy congratulates the victor, it is "imperative," he says, to defeat Ronald Reagan. "United we stand!" A different kind of screech rose, quite distinct from the yell heard before. Everybody concluded at once, it appeared, that the stage had been set for a standard reconciliation scene on the platform next day, with Senator Kennedy loyally joining a newly renominated President Carter for the conventional tableau of harmony.

Kennedy, not Carter, dominated this convention. He was clearly defeated from the start but his passionate supporters wouldn't admit it. When the crucial vote on the rules made it certain, Kennedy nursed defeat a day and then came to the amphitheater to deliver one of the best political speeches I've ever heard. I would rank it with FDR's "little dog Fala" speech to the Teamsters in 1944 which cooked Tom Dewey's goose. Roosevelt did it by humor. He told the crowd that he didn't mind Republican canards about him or his family but did object to attacks on his dog—allegedly left behind on a trip to Alaska and retrieved by a destroyer. The Teamsters rolled in the aisles as Roosevelt told them in mock sorrow that Fala hadn't been the same dog since.

Kennedy's speech was high-decibel, well cadenced, and managed a control of his audience (as in his speech at the Democrats' mini-convention in Memphis in 1978) which was almost frightening. He used excoriating humor, as FDR did, but this time the target was Governor Reagan. Everybody knew this attack on Reagan's vulnerable utterances would come sooner or later. This is not a great-issue election, it is a competence election, and where does Reagan fit in? Can America really elect a man president who believed (or at least declared) that the graduated income tax was invented by Karl Marx? Why does Reagan say such things? He is an agreeable man, devoid of meanness, who served as governor for eight years. But he once said (as Kennedy quoted), "Unemployment insurance is a prepaid vacation plan for freeloaders." There are dozens more of such astonishing utterances waiting for President Carter to use. One would think they would be devastating in a debate. Will Reagan make a blanket dissociation from his innocence? What about the quick-fix Reagan-Kemp-Roth program for a 10 percent across-the-board cut in the graduated income tax? Most economists think the country needs tax relief, but this seems particularly tailored to Governor Reagan's former rich clients: welfare for the wealthy.

But if Republicans are criticized for their platform, how about Democrats? The convention prepared an insulting provision for Carter requiring that he pledge his support for the 40,000-word document, or explain his differences. It was a loyalty test engineered by the defeated Kennedy forces over the so-called Kennedy minority reports. Carter forces managed to knock off one, for example, embracing Kennedy's proposal for wage-price controls. But others got in, including one barring any anti-inflation step that might cause unemployment. Carter, of course, is struggling with inflation-recession. Chairman Volcker of the Federal Reserve Board has pushed up interest rates, with Carter's approval, to check inflation: he accepted temporary rising unemployment as the consequence of monetary and fiscal restraint.

The convention nominated Carter but simultaneously, in effect, told him to change his policy. It revealed the power of Kennedy over his supporters, who are probably necessary for Carter's reelection. But the requirement introduces a new feature in our idiot system of selecting presidents: an intrusion of the nominating convention into the legislative process.

Carter met this challenge with a declaration that he favored the "spirit and aims" of the proposals. He liked the "thrust and ideals," but he had "concerns" with some of the provisions. He added suavely that "responsibility in these matters must ultimately rest with the president and Congress." He also succeeded in blocking a formal denunciation of the MX missile.

The nomination/election process has reached a point of absurdity. In Canada an election takes five weeks; in the United States it has been going on now for a couple of years and, with the conventions over, it will be finished in only 10 more weeks. There is a profound crisis in our system today, I think. Things aren't going right. Elections last too long and, at the end, fewer people vote. Political parties are declining, the paralysis in Washington continues. Are you satisfied with the quality of candidates? The nomination is really made nowadays by the 37 state primaries, in conjunction with polls and television. Yet if conventions are merely to ratify the selection of the primaries, why keep them at all? They are jolly multimillion-dollar extravaganzas, with four or five reporters to each delegate, but are they worth the effort?

And so this reporter comes away from down-at-the-heels New York with some concern. I visited the old family home in Flatbush before I left, with a loving glance at the neighboring public library: a great place to read Kipling, Mark Twain, and Dickens on Sunday afternoons. I couldn't do it today, however: the library now is closed most of Saturdays and all day Sundays—no funds. We had less in those days, and were richer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 183, No. 8, Issue 3424, August 23, 1980. Published weekly (except the issues of January 5, July 12, August 9, September 13) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $28; foreign, $31; students, $17.

Copyright 1980 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISBN 0028-6583). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide. The New Republic is available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106.

Send all remittances, inquiries about subscriptions, and undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11737. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Contents

	2	Correspondence
TRB from New York	3	Do We Need This?
Comment	5	Kemp's Urban Magic
Morton Kondracke	6	Politics: The Dream Is Dead
E. J. Dionne	9	Javits's Shoes
Fred M. Kaplan	11	Missile Games
Emily Yoffe	13	The Longest Lunch
Sidney Lens	15	The Commoner Touch
Graham Hughes	17	Irish Obsessions
Philip Weiss	18	The Columnist and the Fugitive
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	24	Films: Madnesses
Robert Brustein	25	Theater: The Art of Kenneth Tynan
Paul Fussell	27	Travel Books
Alan Williamson	28	Poem: "Obsession"
David Herbert Donald	31	*The Imperiled Union* by Kenneth M. Stampp
Brad Leithauser	33	*The Complete Poems of Marianne Moore* by Marianne Moore
Jack Beatty	34	*Freud* by Ronald W. Clark *Shrinking History* by David Stannard
	37	Brief Reviews:
Dorothy Wickenden		*Finding a Girl in America* by Andre Dubus
David Seideman		*The Imperfect Diamond* by Lee Lowenfish and Tony Lupien
Convention Diarist	42	Evacuation

Cover: "A View Near Volterra" by Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot (1838). Reproduced courtesy of The National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC, Chester Dale Collection. Article on page 27.

If you're an educator, we invite you to take advantage of us . . .

Because every issue of *The New Republic* overflows with ideal supplementary reading and provocative discussion material for the courses *you* teach—political science, economics, contemporary literature, literary criticism, international relations.

For just 35¢ per student copy (instructors' copies are on us) you can get *The New Republic* for anywhere from one week to an entire semester—the term is up to you. That means a 30% savings off our regular rate. At this special low price, it's hard *not* to take advantage of us . . .

So why not mail your order to *The New Republic* today. Every issue is an education in itself—and at 35¢ an issue, you won't find a better buy.

Yes, I'd like to take advantage of your special educator's rate.

_____ student copies every week (35¢/copy) *(10 copy per week minimum).*
You will be sent one instructor's copy each week at no additional cost.

From: _____ *(date)* to _____ *(date)*

Mail to: _____ name
_____ school
_____ address
_____ city _____ state _____ zip

☐ my check is enclosed ☐ please bill me

. . . for your students' sake.

mail to: THE NEW REPUBLIC 1220 19th St., NW Washington, DC 20036

Staff

Editor-in-Chief and Publisher—*Martin Peretz*
Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Managing Editor—*Russ Hoyle*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
Associate Editor—*Stephen Chapman*
Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Theater—*Robert Brustein*
Poetry Editor—*Robert Pinsky*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Assistant Literary Editor—*Ann Hulbert*
Assistant Production Manager—*Lisa Derman*
Assistant to the Editors—*Judith Larkin*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Joseph Featherstone, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Robinson, Tad Szulc, Michael Walzer, Leon Wieseltier*
Interns—*Aphrodite Valleras, Timothy Noah*

General Manager and Associate Publisher—*Robert A. Cohen*
Assistant Publisher—*Bart Rubenstein*
Circulation Manager—*Patricia Hardee*
Assistant Circulation Manager—*Kevin J. Stevens*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Assistant Business Manager—*J. Kristine Klasman*
Rights and Permissions—*Yvonne Anthony*
Advertising Manager—*Joan M. Stapleton*
Classified Advertising Manager—*Theresa Miller*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Staff Associate—*David Seideman*
Intern—*Margie Press*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 23, 1980

Kemp's Urban Magic

Jack Kemp is one of those Republicans who think the GOP should do more to attract black and other minority voters. So he's come up with a plan for accomplishing an old and cherished liberal goal—rebuilding the inner city. Kemp wants to designate the poorest neighborhoods as "enterprise zones," where businesses would enjoy taxes much lower than normal. His plan, he thinks, would make the urban desert bloom by luring in new businesses and factories, generating new tax revenues, and providing jobs to an inner-city population now regarded as unemployable. The idea has caught on among his fellow Republicans. The GOP party platform included an endorsement of "greenlining," and Ronald Reagan made it the centerpiece of his August 5 speech to the National Urban League. It also has stirred some interest among the constituents Kemp has in mind. Already it has won the support of a few influential blacks, including Representative Augustus Hawkins, co-author of the Humphrey-Hawkins act, *Washington Post* columnist William Raspberry, and economist Walter Williams of Temple University. One of his co-sponsors is Representative Bob Garcia, whose district includes the South Bronx. Kemp even hopes to get the endorsement of the congressional Black Caucus.

The idea behind Kemp's plan is to provide businesses with a refuge from what he regards as unreasonably high taxes. In an enterprise zone, Social Security taxes on employers would be cut by 90 percent for workers under 21 and by half for older ones. Property taxes would be reduced by 20 percent, corporate income taxes by 15 percent. Capital gains would be taxed at half their usual rate, and businesses would be able to use three-year depreciation on up to half a million dollars in new investments a year. Other breaks include a provision to allow cash accounting for small firms, and an extension of the loss carryforward provision to 10 years.

To be eligible for greenlining, an area would have to meet certain standards of poverty. A neighborhood would qualify if its unemployment rate is twice the national average and 30 percent of its families are below the poverty line. If it didn't meet both of these requirements, it could qualify by showing that its unemployment rate is three times the national average or that half of its families are below the poverty line. Kemp says no more than five percent of the nation's population lives in areas that could become enterprise zones. Most of these are in northeastern cities, his aides say, but some are located in rural areas and in the south and west.

Kemp says his plan would cost no more than one billion dollars in lost tax revenues, even under the worst possible assumptions. But he thinks enterprise zones will actually turn a profit for the government by stimulating so much new commerce that tax collections will actually rise. Here he is still operating under the influence of gadfly economist Arthur Laffer, who thinks Kemp's proposed 30 percent reduction in personal income taxes would mean higher federal revenues. If greenlining had the intended effect, it would provide new tax revenues from businesses and jobs that wouldn't otherwise exist.

But there is reason to doubt that it would work as well as Kemp expects. Obviously it wasn't taxes alone that got the inner cities into their current dismal condition, or else all of Manhattan would look like the South Bronx. So one shouldn't expect tax relief alone to get them out of it. Any corporate executive or small businessman thinking about setting up shop in an urban ghetto is likely to be worried more about things like crime and the availability of skilled labor than about taxes. One advantage of poor areas is that they usually have a large supply of cheap, unskilled labor. But this advantage is at least partly canceled out by minimum wage laws, which in some cities like New York are even higher than the federal minimum, and which raise the cost of hiring.

Aside from the obvious problems Kemp's bill over-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looks, it has other, more serious flaws. If the object is to help the poor, then there are more efficient ways than giving indirect subsidies to business—a negative income tax, for instance. Republicans normally complain about the direct subsidies, particularly when they are aimed at achieving liberal objectives, and they like to pretend that tax breaks are somehow different. But if the federal government wants to encourage companies to do business in inner-city areas, it makes no real difference if it simply gives them money or offers them special tax advantages: the result in either case is to make them richer. People who defend tax breaks prefer to act as if they're free, since they involve no expenditure of government funds. But if a company in southeast Washington gets off paying less in taxes, companies and individuals elsewhere will have to bear a larger share of the cost of government programs. This is most obvious in the reduced Social Security taxes included in Kemp's bill. The workers employed in enterprise zones will be eligible for the same benefits as other workers, even though their employers are not paying their full share to the Social Security fund. The lost funds will be paid out of general tax revenues.

If the purpose of greenlining is to provide jobs to the unemployed poor, as Kemp suggests, then it may fail at this too. The provision for lower Social Security taxes does lower the cost of labor to the employer, and therefore should create an incentive to employ local labor. But the rest of Kemp's bill may offset this incentive by skewing investment decisions in favor of buying machinery rather than hiring workers. There is only one incentive to use labor, but several to employ capital—the reductions in capital gains and property taxes, and the speeded-up depreciation on capital. A provision that half of a firm's employees must be hired from within the enterprise zone is intended to promote the hiring of those people most in need of work. But it may reduce the number of jobs created by providing companies with one more reason to invest in equipment rather than people.

Kemp also has ignored the side effects greenlining is likely to have. Take, for example, a poor neighborhood next to an enterprise zone, which barely fails to meet the eligibility standard. Here the effect probably will be to hasten its decay. Why should a company stay in a neighborhood with 10 percent unemployment and pay normal taxes if it can move down the street to an area with 14 percent unemployment where taxes are much lower? Inevitably greenlining, to the extent it works, will drain away jobs and investment from those areas adjacent to the enterprise zones. Of course in practice something quite different is likely to occur. Businesses and residents of marginal neighborhoods will band together and demand that they be granted the same favors as their poorer neighbors, and the rules will be waived, altered, or stretched to fit them in too. Sooner or later huge areas of major cities will be greenlined, including many that could hardly be called poor. (Something similar occurred with the Model Cities program.) Kemp's standards may be very rigid, but after the hoopla of enacting the bill is over, those people who don't qualify will find ways to get around them.

The firms that are likely to spring up or relocate in enterprise zones probably won't resemble the models of entrepreneurial daring that Kemp suggests. They are more likely to be hothouse plants too delicate to survive in a normal business environment. The problem with helping firms get started with some special help is that very few of them will ever outgrow their need for it—as illustrated by the Small Business Administration's program to help minority businesses, which has spawned hundreds of firms whose existence depends on a continuing supply of federal assistance (see "Capitalism Without Tears," April 1, 1978). In practice two types of firms are likely to take advantage of the privileges available in greenlined areas—those which can't compete under ordinary conditions, and those which can but see no reason to do so as long as they can avoid it. Kemp's bill has no provision for phasing out the tax breaks, so they probably will be permanent.

The premise behind Kemp's proposal—that many inner-city areas are in frightful shape despite 15 years of federal anti-poverty programs—certainly is an accurate one. The inner cities do need rebuilding, and more Great Society programs won't do the job. But there's no reason to think greenlining would either.

Politics

The Dream Is Dead

New York

In spite of all the ruckus, this has been a very good convention for Jimmy Carter. His campaign organization efficiently snuffed out the open convention rebellion Monday night to assure him the nomination. The elaborate Carter floor operation was so effective, in fact, that its vote-counters predicted Carter would win the F-3-C rules fight with 1,940 votes, and the actual tally came in at 1,936.4. Carter then summoned the generosity and good sense to avoid affronting Edward Kennedy and his delegates. Kennedy had a brilliant day in the sun, delivering what may be one of the best political speeches of our time, one that served as a catharsis for his sullen supporters and may get the bulk of them working for the Democratic ticket in the fall. Kennedy and other convention speakers made a devastating case against Ronald Reagan's economics and his record of verbal extremism that should raise doubts among voters about his fitness to be president. Assuming that Carter ends the convention with a stirring speech of his own Thursday night, the convention ought to be worth up to 15 points to him in the public opinion polls. Prior to the convention, Gallup showed Reagan ahead by 45 to 31, with 14 percent for John Anderson. Harris had Reagan at 48 to Carter's 28 with 19 for Anderson. If the president gets the boost his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supporters expect, he certainly will enter the fall campaign within fighting range of Reagan.

Republican officials I talked to on the phone last week agreed that Carter was closing the gap Reagan enjoyed after the GOP convention last month. Private Republican polls had shown Reagan leading Carter in every state in the union except Georgia, with healthy margins in big industrial states like Pennsylvania and Illinois. "If the election were held today, we'd have a landslide," said a top Reagan operative. "But if we're up by five or eight on September 1, we'll be very satisfied." The Carter surge apparently has caused some rethinking of the Reagan campaign strategy. Reagan aides say that some states that formerly seemed solid for Reagan now look marginal, forcing the campaign to spread its resources more widely and thinly around the country.

Both Republican and Democratic campaign officials think that the New York convention did much to undercut the threat posed to Carter from John Anderson. Anderson's fortunes would have been advanced by a civil war in Madison Square Garden which caused Democrats to stalk out in his direction. Nothing of the kind occurred, and now, instead of being able to pick up a top Democratic officeholder as his running mate, Anderson probably will have to settle for either a has-been or a nobody to share his ticket, which will not boost his credibility as a candidate. The Republicans think they injured Anderson, too, by nominating George Bush, and now there is close to a consensus among honchos of both parties that Anderson may not reach the League of Women Voters's cutoff of 15 percent for admission to its fall TV debates.

I think there was one other key gain for Carter in New York, provided unintentionally by Kennedy. Carter was handed the opportunity to seize the political middle in the coming campaign. In delivery and rhetoric, Kennedy's Tuesday night speech was magnificent, reminding everyone who was ever a liberal just why he was one. It *is* the glory and the greatness of the liberal tradition, as he said, "to speak for those who have no voice, to remember those who are forgotten, to respond to the frustrations and fulfill the aspirations of all Americans seeking a better life in a better land." And "for all those whose cares have been our concern, the cause endures, the hope still lives, and the dream shall never die." Those words electrified the convention and carried Kennedy's principal minority plank into the Democratic platform. They probably also made Kennedy the front-runner for the 1984 nomination. Walter Mondale and Jerry Brown have to be worried about their political futures after that speech—given the effect it had on the convention and the loyalty Kennedy delegates showed in sticking with their candidate on the nomination roll call even after he had withdrawn his candidacy.

Kennedy also eviscerated Ronald Reagan, of course, making the most of some wonderful nuggets of negative research. I don't know where Kennedy got it, but the Reagan quotation that "fascism was really the basis of the New Deal" should shut Reagan's mouth forever in attempting to invoke the name of Franklin Roosevelt as a new Republican deity. And that other gem, that "80 percent of air pollution comes from plants and trees," makes Reagan out to be an empty-headed ninny as well as an enemy of the environmentalists.

But to read Kennedy's speech in the light of morning is to see that his agenda is simply impossible to accomplish in the real world. Kennedy promised to provide jobs for everyone who needs them, reindustrialize America, do away with nuclear power, enact comprehensive health insurance, rebuild the cities, help the old and the poor, and reform the tax system to soak the rich and the corporations—and do it all, apparently, at once. On top of all that, Kennedy wants to spend $12 billion to fight the current recession. The country knows it can't have all it wants at once, and that is one of the reasons Kennedy didn't win the 1980 nomination.

But by holding aloft the standard of inflationary liberalism, and by showing up Reagan as a reflexive reactionary, Kennedy gave Carter the middle ground, the opportunity to represent himself as the solid voice of responsible government and of bedrock social concern under assault from both the right and left. A similar favor was done Carter by the opponents of the MX missile, whom he beat down, and by the militants who defeated him on the plank denying Democratic party money to candidates who fail to support the Equal Rights Amendment.

So coming out of New York, Jimmy Carter is in a tough fight to keep his office, but he is in far better shape than he was before. Carter's campaign chief, Robert Strauss, has made it clear how the president plans to proceed from now until November: by mercilessly attacking Ronald Reagan. According to Strauss, Carter pollster Patrick Caddell has discovered that Reagan has "high negatives" (disapproval ratings) when voters are asked two particular "gut questions": "Is this a man who cares about people like me?" and "Is Reagan the kind of sound, knowledgeable man you want in charge of the country's affairs in troubled times?" The Democrats will home in on these Reagan vulnerabilities, representing him—as they began doing in Detroit—as callous, naive, simplistic, and dangerous.

In particular, Carter is gearing up for a major attack on the "Reagan-Kemp-Roth" tax cut plan, the heart of Reagan's grand new message to the American majority. Carter's economic advisers and budget office are preparing a detailed analysis showing that Reagan's 10 percent-a-year tax cut for individuals plus his "10-5-3" depreciation allowances for business would cost the federal treasury $281.8 billion by 1985, necessitating huge cuts—possibly by 40 percent—in federal domestic programs if Reagan tries to fulfill his promise to balance the budget. The cuts would be even more devastating if Reagan fulfilled his promise to accelerate defense spending.

Reagan claims that no such social cuts would be necessary because his economic program would so liberate the American economy and spur industrial productivity that government revenues would swell to make up the money lost in tax cuts. But Carter economic adviser Charles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schultze insists that this can't and won't happen. Most economists, he says, figure that it takes a five-dollar increase in GNP to produce one dollar in government revenue. To make up the $135 billion revenue loss projected for the Reagan plan in 1983 would require a GNP that is $675 billion above currently expected levels of national production ($3.6 trillion). To reach that level, Schultze says, the economy would have to be growing at a rate of about 10 percent per year, nearly double the highest annual growth rates of the 1960s.

Meanwhile, the Democrats say that Reagan's plan to allow businesses to depreciate buildings over 10 years for tax purposes, machines over five years, and vehicles over three would cut corporate taxes in half by 1987 and represent a huge Republican gift to business. And a third portion of the Reagan plan, indexing tax rates to inflation, might cost so much in revenues that all non-defense spending except Social Security would have to be eliminated.

While trying to prove that Reagan is proposing radical, impossible economics, the administration is hastily assembling an "economic recovery" program of its own, designed to steal the "supply-side economics" issue away from the Republicans, along with the hope that it engenders for job creation and an eventual return to long-term prosperity for America. The details of Carter's program are still a big secret—mainly, some of his aides confess, because the administration isn't sure yet what the package will contain. In outline, though, the program apparently will involve some sort of Social Security tax cut, depreciation adjustments for business that are less expensive than 10-5-3, incentives for savings and investment, and targeted aid to depressed industries, regions, and displaced or untrained workers. The Carterites expect to reveal the details of their plan soon.

Meanwhile Reagan aides are readying a two-pronged strategy of their own—emphasizing, they say, Reagan "positives," with attacks on Carter "negatives" waiting in reserve. The positives, as the Republicans see it, are Kemp-Roth's promise of jobs, a freer economy, increased productivity, and a bountiful US economy without inflation or recession. But the Republicans have yet to unveil their program in full, either, and there is some indication that Reagan's secret plan will stay secret through the campaign. One top GOP official said last week that Reagan's first-year proposal of a 10 percent across-the-board tax cut is all that voters will see from him this year. If that's the plan, and if the administration plays it right, Reagan is likely to be hounded by demands from the press and the Democrats for an explanation of how his magic is supposed to work.

What's in reserve for the Republicans—and probably destined to emerge swiftly when the campaign gets rough—is the "Carter performance" issue. If Reagan has two high negatives, Carter has dozens of them, as reflected in public opinion polls. Gallup's late-July results show that only 38 percent of voters think Carter is "a man you can believe in" (versus 51 percent for Reagan); only 35 percent think he "offers innovative solutions to national problems" (versus 56 percent for Reagan and Anderson); only 31 percent think he is "decisive, sure of himself"; only 29 percent say he "has strong leadership qualities"; and only 24 percent think he "has a well-defined program for moving the country." Contrary to Strauss's report on Reagan's polls, Gallup shows Reagan narrowly leading Carter, 49-48, on who "sides with the average citizen." Anderson beats them both with 58 percent.

Carter's performance-as-president ratings, meanwhile, have been at rock bottom. According to an NBC poll, three-quarters of the electorate rate him "fair" or "poor" overall. Only 16 percent approve of his foreign policy and only 12 percent support his economic performance. Carter himself, in a TV interview, said he deserved an A on energy policy, but only a B- or C on economics. According to Republican pollster Robert Teeter, the public's disapproval of Carter gets deeper the more detailed questioning becomes, suggesting that the GOP can hammer with effect against Carter on Iran, inflation, recession, taxes, the UN vote reversal on Israeli settlements, and the neutron bomb fiasco. If Carter tries to claim that he has learned how to do better, the Republicans have only to point to the latest intra-administration squabble—for example, the current flap over nuclear strategy.

One Carter operative, Elaine Kamarck of the Democratic National Committee, thinks that Carter can survive his low approval ratings. "Those things are not the same as votes," she says. "They don't compare Reagan to Carter, but to some ideal idea of how a president should be. People think things are lousy, so they say they don't like the president. It's a big difference from deciding, which guy do you want in that office?" The TV debates, she thinks, will show Carter "more knowledgeable, more presidential, than Reagan. Reagan will project a nice, lovable image, but Carter will know what he's talking about." She thinks that by October the economic statistics will have improved, Carter will have proposed his economic recovery package, and people will be persuaded that Reagan's ideas are simplistic. "The public is sophisticated," she said. "They know there aren't any easy answers."

I think she raises the ultimate question of the campaign. The Democratic platform and Jimmy Carter himself are saying to the country, in effect: "Our national problems are so complex, so difficult, that nobody really knows how to solve them. We've tried, we've failed a lot, but trust us to try again." The Republicans are saying: "Oh, no, the problems are easy. Just let us cut taxes and we'll give you jobs, money, houses, education, superior weaponry, and security in the world." It's a dismal choice—a choice between the lame and the simple-minded, the incompetent and the brash. But nobody can say the people didn't pick the nominees this year. May the worst man lose.

Morton Kondracke

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What to wear in New York.

Javits's Shoes

In most places, neoconservatives and hawkish liberals fight McGovernites and old leftists in intellectual salons and leave it at that. In New York, they carry their fights to the streets and the ballot boxes. The classic battle in this genre was the 1976 Democratic Senate primary between Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Bella Abzug. Moynihan was loved by the neoconservatives and a variety of other ardent anticommunists. He was loathed by the old left and the McGovernites, who backed Bella. Pat beat Bella—the race was that personal—partly because Ramsey Clark was on the ballot to steal a share of the *gauchiste* vote from her.

In 1980, it is the same war by other means, only the soldiers are different. The Moynihan stand-in is Bess Myerson, consumer columnist, adviser to corporations, and the former Miss America who wore mink coats on "Beat the Clock." For the Abzugites, there is Representative Elizabeth Holtzman, Watergate Committee Nixon-hater, and scourge of the Defense Department and the Brooklyn Democratic machine. Her critics insist Holtzman only learned to smile when she announced her candidacy last January.

The voters of New York can be forgiven for not realizing that they are being asked to play their parts in an ideological holy war. For one thing, the rhetorical skirmishes have been quite mild by Bella-Pat standards. Myerson has occasionally criticized Holtzman's steady stream of votes against the military budget, but neither Myerson nor Holtzman has considered ideological combat the most propitious form of attack. And there is that man standing between them who gave each her first major political job. John Lindsay, fiscal crisis be damned, is trying a political revival, and he has carefully positioned himself in the ideological no-person's land between his rivals. There is also a fourth candidate, John Santucci, a conservative Queens district attorney. His main function in the race is to allow political statisticians to argue about which of the main contenders he is hurting most.

All this fighting is over a rather dubious prize, the chance to face New York's heretofore undefeated Republican senior senator, Jacob Javits. Javits, too, has a primary, and it, too, is ideological. But Javits will be on the ballot in November whether he wins his primary or not, as the candidate of the beleaguered Liberal party.

The first candidate to announce this year was Liz Holtzman, and that is not surprising. There is a stolid seriousness about her that even allies find disconcerting—though they usually will add that this is her greatest virtue. She won her first try at elective office in 1972 by defeating the venerable Emanuel Celler, a Brooklyn octogenarian who built a commendable record on civil rights but also built some distance between himself and his district. In Congress, Holtzman has built an utterly consistent liberal voting record, and has consistently voted against the military budget. She is also—and this is an example of her courage—the only candidate in the race to speak out against all but the most carefully constructed business tax cuts. She argues that the fast tax write-offs for business investment might lead businessmen to write off New York entirely—and build their new plants in Houston. And unlike lesser liberals, she has exposed scandal in social service programs, and gotten them shut down. Holtzman won considerable respect for her investigations of the corruption-laden summer lunch and summer jobs programs for kids in New York. She has also vigorously pursued alleged Nazi war criminals in the US—admittedly not a politically risky task, but hardly an unimportant one.

But friend and enemy alike usually return to her first-in-her-high-school-class personality. Like Bella, she is tough on staff. But the best analogy is the eminently serious Javits. "If you had to invent a Jacob Javits who was younger and female," said one New York politics-watcher, "you'd invent Liz Holtzman." Holtzman was interviewed last month by Peg Breen on "Inside Albany," PBS's attempt to make New York politics comprehensible and amusing. The interview took place while Holtzman was traversing the Erie Canal by boat as a campaign media event. Breen gave Holtzman a straight question on her alleged personality flaws, and Holtzman asked warmly, all smiles, whether Breen had seen any of her famous humorlessness in the course of the interview. After the tape was shown, Breen's colleague, Dave Hepp, remarked that Holtzman had handled the question well. Breen replied that as soon as the interview was over, Holtzman, smile gone, repaired to the side of the boat in silence. It's an interesting problem, but not one that will necessarily fascinate thousands of voters, many of whom might like a serious United States senator.

And it's not as if Myerson would win the race's Ms. Congeniality award. She, too, can be difficult. It took media adviser David Garth a long time to decide whether he'd take on the Myerson campaign. But he did, and that has made a lot of difference. Garth on his own has done more for regional government in the New York metropolitan area than the hundreds of bureaucrats paid to push that cause. He helped elect New York City's mayor, Ed Koch, New York's governor, Hugh Carey, New Jersey's Brendan Byrne, and Connecticut's Ella Grasso. The Myerson campaign is vintage Garth, who is currently trying to extend his fiefdom by handling John Anderson. Myerson was charged by her critics with being unfamiliar with the issues, so Garth has had her litter her speeches with authoritative statistics, usually strange and unassailable numbers like 413. She was criticized by Holtzman and in some leftish quarters like the *Village Voice* for her ties to big business—Myerson has consulted on "consumer matters" for a variety of large corporations. Garth decided to turn this into an asset. The Myerson slogan: "She knows government. She knows business. She knows how to get things done . . . for New York."

And she also has the support of the ever-popular Ed Koch, for whom she campaigned hard in 1977, and Daniel

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Patrick Moynihan, who reportedly cringes at the prospect of serving with Holtzman. Myerson's central campaign theme is the same as Moynihan's 1976 line: that New York has been consistently shortchanged by the federal government. The Moynihan staff has been feeding her ammunition, and the whole act comes off well, especially for someone who supposedly doesn't know the issues. Finally, years of service at UJA dinners—not to mention the fact that Bess was the first Jewish Miss America—have won her many friends among New York's Jews, who cast about one-third of New York's Democratic primary vote.

But if you want charm, your candidate is Lindsay. The best line out of Lindsay's 1965 mayoral campaign was Murray Kempton's: "He's fresh and everyone else is tired." No one in this race is particularly tired, but Lindsay is still fresh, oozing patrician self-confidence and easy-going warmth. When the candidates get together to debate, Lindsay always has a kind word for one and all. He also has a sense of humor, the sort that once led him to urge that WASPs be called ASPs, since all Anglo Saxon Protestants are white, so why be redundant?

A popular joke of the election is that support for Lindsay is directly proportional to an area's distance from New York City. That's partly true—Lindsay has strong organizational support upstate and the backing of about two dozen upstate county chairmen. He also has friends in New York's black and Spanish communities, which still have fond memories of the Lindsay regime.

But Lindsay, whose administration lived in a state of war with the white ethnics who inhabit New York's outer boroughs, clearly learned something during his tenure as mayor, and he is trying hard to win over his former foes. A key element in his campaign is support for tax credits for families with children in parochial schools. In New York City, with its large population of Jewish day school students, that idea appeals beyond the Catholic enclaves. In support of the idea, Lindsay also steals from Moynihan; tax credits for private schools are a Moynihan idea, and Lindsay borrows liberally from Moynihan's rhetoric.

On defense issues, Lindsay's views are somewhere between those of Holtzman and Myerson. He's a big supporter of tax cuts, his arguments sounding like those of the liberal Republican he once was. And the fiscal crisis? Lindsay likes to say he's the experienced candidate in the race. "And I have the scars to prove it," he says. It's a subliminal issue that Lindsay's opponents haven't exploited much yet.

John Santucci joined the race late, and a widely believed theory holds that he was thrown into the race by Queens Borough president and Democratic county leader Donald Manes, a party regular who supports Holtzman. The idea is that Santucci will take most of his votes from Lindsay or Myerson. "Life can be very complex," said Manes when he was asked about this possibility, though both he and Santucci deny everything.

Which brings us back to ideology, something that underlies all of this. When the votes come in on September 9, Holtzman is certain to do well on Manhattan's liberal West Side, Myerson better in places like Queens. Holtzman's defense record is a major factor behind this. Early in the campaign, Myerson attacked Holtzman for being "one of a small minority of legislators who has consistently opposed all United States defense expenditures." She added that "if your vote was the only vote passed in Congress in terms of our defense policy, we would have no defense." Holtzman counters that Myerson's attacks are a distortion, and that her defense votes were against "too much political pork barrel" in the military budget.

"If everyone voted as I did on defense," says Holtzman, "we wouldn't have a B-1 bomber or a neutron bomb. [We have neither.] Secondly, we would have a more muscular and effective national defense because my votes have been votes against waste."

This, of course, is a classic defense argument, and the race will be seen as a referendum on that subject. Israel is not at issue in the race—all the candidates strongly support Israel—but Myerson's backers sometimes suggest that Holtzman's defense votes are anti-Israel votes. Holtzman naturally disagrees.

The outcome, though, could end up hanging on money. Here Myerson has the advantage, even though she actually has raised less money that Holtzman. Part of Myerson's advantage is that she's rich, so she can kick in as much money as she needs. And she has been able to raise substantial sums from the usual givers of big money in New York politics—real estate types, people in the investment community, and the like. Holtzman accurately describes the Myerson givers as "the city's power elite." The point is that raising big money costs less than raising small money, so Myerson has been able to put seven dollars of every 10 raised directly into television. She seems likely to spend one million dollars on television before the primary's over. So far, she's raised $500,000.

The good news for Holtzman is that she's raised $800,000. The bad news is that she's done it through direct mail, and so has had to recycle a quarter of her take back into the mails. Roger Craver, her direct mail specialist, says the Holtzman drive has been very successful—second only to George McGovern's campaign, which Craver is also handling, along with mailing efforts for a slew of other liberals and for John Anderson. Holtzman's achievement—she had tapped 35,000 small givers as of last month—is in a way more impressive than McGovern's current effort, says Craver, since McGovern has a built-in base from his 1972 presidential campaign. No matter. There's still not enough left for television. Bob Squire, Holtzman's media adviser, says he hopes to be able to spend $400,000 on the primary. Myerson's television advantage seems to be helping her. A few months back, both *New York Times*/CBS News and NBC polls showed Holtzman ahead. Recent candidate polls reportedly show Myerson catching up. Lindsay might actually have a chance to put together his strange ethnic-black-upstate coalition, but his lackadaisical fundraising effort

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is not likely to buy him much TV time.

All this could be academic, depending on what happens to 76-year-old Jacob Javits. Most people seem to think Javits will defeat his primary adversary, Al D'Amato, the presiding supervisor of Hempstead, Long Island. D'Amato is running a straight-out conservative campaign against Javits, but Javits seems to have helped himself inside the Republican party by his early capitulation to Reagan's nomination. And D'Amato lacks the flair or obvious intelligence of Jim Buckley, who won election in 1970 as a Conservative, only to lose to Moynihan six years later. Still, don't rule out D'Amato. The New York Republican party is small, and quite conservative. That's why Lindsay lost his Republican mayoral primary in 1969.

The place Javits is really popular is in the Democratic party. A *New York Times*/CBS Poll of Democratic primary voters in April showed Javits with a favorable to unfavorable ratio of better than two to one. If Javits were running as a Democrat, odds are he'd beat them all.

E. J. Dionne

E. J. Dionne is a reporter for the *New York Times*.

The Soviets are justifiably nervous.

Missile Games

During German chancellor Helmut Schmidt's recent visit to Moscow, Soviet president Leonid Brezhnev told him that arms-control negotiations on medium-range nuclear missiles could begin at once. Since then, Soviet ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin has repeated the same offer to American officials. No longer does Moscow insist that NATO first agree to halt its own plans to deploy the Pershing II or Ground-Launched Cruise Missiles, nor that the US Senate first ratify the SALT II treaty—two preconditions that, until now, the Soviets have insisted upon. In the past, when the Soviets have dropped patently unacceptable preconditions to arms-control talks, it has meant that they are serious and ready to come to the tables.

In this case we should be thankful, for if negotiations do get off the ground, they may help us back away from one of the more fatuous weapons plans we have initiated in recent years. True, it is hardly the season to criticize an American weapon on grounds that it might threaten the Soviet Union. But an exception should be made for the Pershing II, which the Soviets find threatening in ways that could prove highly dangerous to us as well.

Last December 12, NATO agreed that the United States should deploy 184 of these nuclear-armed, mobile, medium-range ballistic missiles in West Germany by 1983. Along with 464 GLCMs, the Pershing II will allegedly balance some 200 SS-20 missiles that the Soviets will have fielded in its western military districts by the mid-1980s. These SS-20s are aimed at Western Europe, and each has three warheads. Many officials fear that without Pershing II, NATO would have nothing with which to respond to a hypothetical SS-20 attack.

However, certain features of the Pershing II make it more than merely a counter to the SS-20. First, it is very accurate; it can theoretically strike within 100 feet of its intended target—compared with the SS-20's 1,200 feet. Second, it can strike the Soviet Union—whereas the SS-20 cannot reach the United States. Third, it can fly from West Germany to the USSR in only five or six minutes—while intercontinental missiles based in the US would take 25 to 30 minutes.

The Soviets seem genuinely concerned that the Pershing II's combination of extraordinary accuracy and short warning time endangers the Soviet military command structure and many of their land-based nuclear missiles as well. Judging from several articles in the Soviet military press over the past six months, they believe the United States plans to use the Pershing II in the first wave of a broader strategic nuclear first strike, with the medium-range missiles very quickly taking out command control and other military targets, and then the intercontinental missiles destroying the remaining missiles, airfields, submarine pens, naval ports, and so forth. (There is some evidence that they also believe that GLCMs—with their very small radar cross-sections potentially eluding early-warning detectors—could also play a role in this first wave, but this is far less likely owing to the cruise missile's slow speed.) As Soviet marshal Viktor Kulikov, commander of the Warsaw Pact, told Moscow Domestic Broadcast radio listeners last May 14: "The NATO military and political leadership is . . . counting on the fact that the sudden use of these latest means of combat will enable them to carry out a preemptive strike, thus avoiding a powerful return strike, particularly against US territory."

At first glance, being able to catch the Russians "with their pants down" may seem a desirable goal. However, destroying the Soviet command structure might provoke a spasmodic response from the Soviets—an all-out retaliatory attack against American cities, with no chance of control, discrimination, or international bargaining to soften the worldwide calamity of nuclear war.

Another possibility is that the Soviets, facing such immense vulnerability, might feel moved to attack the United States or Western Europe preemptively in a major crisis. With such little warning time, they might have no chance to respond at all if they waited for the West to strike first with Pershing IIs. Such a preemptive strike is feasible. Though mobile, the Pershing II and GLCM will still be quite vulnerable. Their deployment requires caravans of support vehicles, hundreds of combat and security personnel, and communications; they can be tracked and targeted readily.

This is not to suggest that the United States actually plans to go first in a nuclear war. However, some prolific

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

US defense analysts have recommended such an option; and the Soviets, weaned on doctrinal diatribes against "USA Imperialism," certainly suspect, mistakenly or not, that we might do so.

Nor is this to suggest that we should gear our defense programs to accommodate or pamper Soviet fears. However, in a case such as this, where their insecurities are likely to heighten the probability of our own destruction, such issues are worth thinking over several times before taking hasty action.

We would not be stuck with a high-level NATO decision to deploy these new weapons, were it not for the abysmally clumsy foreign policy of the Carter administration and the disrepair into which the Atlantic Alliance has fallen during Jimmy Carter's reign. Almost from the beginning, West European leaders, particularly Schmidt, have seen Carter as an unworldly bungler who displays little knowledge of European interests or the intricacies of international politics. He saw Carter waver and then do nothing—and do nothing without explaining why—when the Soviets made incursions in the Horn of Africa; he saw Carter plead with him to inflate the German economy to solve the West's financial difficulties; Carter was insensitive to German phobia about inflation. He heard of bitter clashes over foreign policy within the Carter administration, and of Carter's doing nothing to resolve the differences. America more and more appeared as an undependable leader.

Climaxing this dismal orgy of incompetence was the neutron-bomb miscarriage. Carter, again unaware of opposition sentiments within the left wing of Schmidt's own Social Democratic party, urged Schmidt to let the neutron bomb be based in his country. Still, the chancellor buckled under and agreed to accept the bomb—only to witness Carter suddenly postpone the program altogether.

At about this time, in the spring of 1978, top Pentagon, State Department, and National Security Council officials were thinking about how to respond to the Soviet SS-20 missile and whether to deploy such weapons as the Pershing II and the GLCM. The neutron-bomb fiasco settled the question. Even skeptics agreed that, if only for political reasons, NATO must agree with near unanimity to base some mix of Pershing IIs and GLCMs in Western Europe. The world must know, it was thought, that NATO was capable of making positive and unified decisions on nuclear weapons in response to the Soviets.

Months of skillful, if occasionally heavy-handed, diplomatic bargaining ensued; finally, on December 9, 1979, the NATO nations agreed on a plan, with only Belgium and the Netherlands holding out with some (far lighter than expected) conditional language. The official strategic rationale for these medium-range missiles is as follows: with the SS-20 intermediate-range missile, the Soviets could strike targets in Western Europe, yet the United States has no missiles in Western Europe with sufficient range to return the punch to Soviet territory. We would have to retaliate with our strategic nuclear forces—comprised of land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles, submarine-launched ballistic missiles, and heavy bombers. Yet, due to "strategic parity" between the United States and the USSR, we probably would not do so, for fear that the Soviets would strike back against American territory. Thus, without Pershing II and GLCM, there exists a severe "gap in the escalation spectrum."

Many officials dealing with the issue privately have conceded that this logic is faulty. First, the SS-20 is nothing fundamentally new; the Soviets have had hundreds of nuclear missiles aimed at Western Europe for two decades. Second, strategic parity may magnify the significance of nuclear weapons in or aimed at Western Europe; but parity, in any meaningful sense of the word, has existed since at least the early 1960s and, in fact, numerous strategists—and even President Eisenhower—have accepted it since the mid-1950s.

Third, if the Soviets fired SS-20s into Western Europe, we wouldn't need any new weapons for a response. We could use some of the 400 submarine-based Poseidon warheads formally committed to Europe, or the British or French could employ their own independent nuclear forces, or we could drop bombs from European-based bombers. We would not have to resort to use of nuclear weapons based in the United States.

Finally, the logic underlying these weapons falls apart on the basis of one simple consideration. If weapons owned and operated by the United States government explode over Soviet territory, it is doubtful that the Central Committee will care whether these weapons were launched from West Germany, Belgium, the Atlantic Ocean, or Missouri. They will almost certainly fire nuclear weapons back at the homeland of the commander in chief who ordered them launched—the United States.

Specious logic notwithstanding, the decision has been made to go ahead with these weapons, and the decision was based on political reasons having little to do with strategic logic. Particularly after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, it would send all the wrong signals suddenly to reverse the December 12 decision unilaterally—even if, in a rational world, that is what we should do.

And here is where Brezhnev's new proposal comes in very handy. To be sure, it has not overcome all the obstacles in one fell swoop. The Soviet negotiating position on substantive matters may very well have hardened somewhat; and controlling theater nuclear forces, even more than strategic nuclear forces, presents an array of difficulties. Still, the administration would be irresponsible if it did anything but take Brezhnev's offer with utmost seriousness. For, given current political conditions, using the new missiles as bargaining chips seems to be the only potential way out of a weapons program in which we were silly to trap ourselves in the first place.

Fred M. Kaplan

Fred M. Kaplan writes frequently on political and military issues.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What White House Fellows hunger for.

The Longest Lunch

Back in the dark days, 1965 to be exact, America's "ablest" and "gifted and highly motivated" and "exceptionally promising" young "intellectual elite" was not descending in droves upon our nation's capital, according to the statement of purpose of the President's Commission on White House Fellowships, established in that year. John Gardner—then head of the Carnegie Foundation, later secretary of HEW, and still later founder of Common Cause—who is the sort of person John Gardner probably had in mind when he envisioned a White House Fellow, saw that something must be done to rectify this situation.

For if, as the statement of purpose again proclaims, "the sparsely settled American colonies of the late 18th century could produce Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Monroe, Madison, Hamilton, Franklin, and others of superlative talent, breadth, and statesmanship, should we not be able to produce, in this generation, ten times that number? We are not doing so." So, rather like the East German system of spotting and encouraging potential Olympic swimmers, a program was established to encourage potential leaders by bringing about 15 of them a year to Washington for a one-year apprenticeship at the highest levels of government, usually working for a Cabinet officer or a White House aide.

Who can doubt that since the founding of the White House Fellows program, and perhaps to some degree fueled by it, Washington has indeed become a mecca for the exceptionally promising, gifted, et cetera, anxious to direct the white heat of their ambition toward the improvement of their résumés and society? Government has become so full of potential leaders, compared to actual leaders, that the assignment of one of this year's Fellows is to serve as special assistant to a Cabinet secretary's special assistant. With 2,500 thoroughly credentialed applications a year arriving at the commission's office, President Johnson's desire to attract the crème de la crème to public service has been a triumph.

As for the further purpose of producing 10 times as many great statesmen as the number that was available to found this country, well, let's not be too quick to condemn. After all, like inhaling asbestos, it takes 15 to 20 years for results to show up, fellowship officials say. And if former Fellows don't soon burst upon the scene as great leaders, one might perhaps conclude that a year's apprenticeship with Spiro Agnew could have had a deleterious effect even on a Thomas Jefferson.

But whatever the effect of their fellowships, there is little doubt that the 1979-80 Fellows, a typical collection, are bound for the top. One of them points out, "One of the reasons we were selected was because we didn't need to be selected." They are all impressive: a banker who speaks five languages, a neurobiologist who has swum in international competition, a rabbi with a PhD in philosophy from Princeton, and so on. They are so successful already that the question arises why they should spend a year directing the paper flow for someone else, even for a Cabinet officer.

Gordon Tucker, the rabbi assigned to the Justice Department, says it's because no segment of society is untouched by the federal government, and "knowing your way around remains a timeless skill." But he admits, "In some ways it's embarrassing to be asked what I'm doing this for, because I can't always answer. Almost the only people who don't ask are the other Fellows. We understand without saying."

But in fact it's no mystery at all why a successful young professional would wish to spend a year as a White House Fellow, and the reason has very little to do with gaining an "in-depth understanding" of the federal government. The reason is one more sterling credential, and one more useful network of people with a vested interest in seeing that people with credentials like their own do well.

"Part of [LBJ's] intention was to create a cadre, a reserve force of leadership in the country," says Landis Jones, director of the White House Fellows Commission and himself a Fellow in 1969-70. On Jones's desk, for example, is a request from a chemical company for a woman executive. "And we have an alumna who's a good prospect," he says. "And if the Voice of America needs a woman, I can call Jane Cahill Pfeiffer [1966-67] and get a recommendation from her." Perhaps she'd even want the job herself.

Donald Furtado, 1967-68, now a deputy undersecretary at the Commerce Department, says having been a Fellow means he has "a network of counterparts in other departments, which makes it easier to penetrate the large bureaucracy. I keep the White House Fellows directory quite close, and I use it probably once a month." An inevitable result of this networking is that the later careers of White House Fellows often include frequent return engagements in suitably high level government positions. Although the program was intended to send the Fellows back to the private sector and to the provinces, a disproportionate number have stayed in Washington, well within a local call of each other.

In economic terms alone, the Fellows' good fortune cannot be challenged. Eight years ago a survey showed that the Fellows' average salary was $50,000 a year. "It would have been $100,000, but the people in academia and the military brought down the average," Jones explains.

The reserve force has a reunion in Washington each May which offers a chance to hear talks on the state of the world from those responsible for doing something about it. And like other good alumni, White House Fellows help perpetuate their institution through contributions.

Most of the cost of the program is paid for by the taxpayers. Each Fellow gets a salary of $30,000 to $42,000, and officially the administrative costs are $300,000 a year. This does not include expenses such as various trips on Air Force planes and hours of time spent by high government officials entertaining and educating

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Fellows. But officials of the Fellows Commission are quick to note that one of the fellowship's proudest adornments, the "educational program," is financed by $25,000 in annual alumni contributions. Nearly every day for a year the Fellows share a meal with an important person who discusses important issues. This year's guests included Walter Cronkite, Pat Caddell, Averell Harriman, Benjamin Civiletti, and Jacob Javits. The White House Fellows education fund is probably the only alumni organization whose proceeds go primarily to Trader Vic's.

The Fellows also travel, in order to get a greater understanding of national and international affairs. To expel any taint of junketeering, each day's travel schedule consists of about 16 straight hours of meetings, briefings, discussions, and on-site evaluations. The 1979-80 Fellows have been to California, New Mexico, and Nevada; to New York; and to the Middle East, a trip which featured a meeting with Anwar Sadat (never a White House Fellow himself). All this traveling has given them a greater understanding of national and international affairs than is offered by their regular job assignments, the Fellows say. They can't say much more than that, they maintain, because all the sessions are off the record.

This is not to suggest the Fellows' year is one long lunch interrupted by trips. Like most special assistants, the White House Fellows take their work seriously and put in long hours. Several of them describe their jobs as a combination of speechwriting, overseeing special projects (for example, gasohol, right-turn-on-red, and the winter Olympics), and making sure that information gets out from the principal (no one, apparently, says "boss" anymore) to the department and in from the department to the principal.

The Fellows, as they themselves point out, are not a silver spoon group, so even after a year they are not so callous that they come to feel lunch with Anwar Sadat, or even Walter Cronkite, is their due. But all this lunching does tend to make the fellows realize they are more like the powerful and celebrated than unlike them.

"It's an inspiration that perhaps you, too, can do that," says Gregg Suhler, who works for Stuart Eizenstat. "In less gracious moments you realize there are a lot of very plain people in high places." Suhler has a background eerily similar to that of one prominent Washingtonian. He left the family farm to get college training in physics, but returned to run the farm after the death of his father. "The comparison to Jimmy Carter's life is not lost to me," he says.

Suhler, like his colleagues, is charming and very bright, and like many of his colleagues is not quite sure what he will do when his fellowship ends in August. He's not ready to go back to the Colorado farm, and is considering some possibilities in Washington. Gordon Tucker, too, is not ready to go back where he came from, which is the Jewish Theological Seminary of America. "If you go back to what you were doing, this hardly seems worth it," he says. But the 1979-80 Fellows who don't have plans, even now as the 1980-81 Fellows are being interviewed for their assignments, don't seem worried. White House Fellows are bound to do well.

It is typical of the sort of person who becomes a White House Fellow, and revealing of the vision of society that underlies the White House Fellows program (along with the Rhodes Scholarships and similar baubles), that the beneficiaries often have no real idea what they want to do in life. By inventing a new heat in the meritocratic rat race, believers in this sort of thing hope they are encouraging the development of "excellence," an abstract commodity that was the title of one of John Gardner's books. But surely the ambitious and talented people who win White House Fellowships are not the kind who need further encouragement to do well. Yet another celebration of "promise"—which is what the White House Fellows program amounts to—doesn't really add to the total amount of promise available to society. Inventing new forms of celebration just deflects that promise away from real work into more credential seeking. Society needs to encourage the useful application of energy and talent, even though this involves acknowledging that these qualities are not equally distributed among the populace. But empty exercises in making invidious distinctions among people serve no moral or economic purpose beyond self-congratulation for those involved. It's easy to see why LBJ loved the idea, but it's hard to see why a democratic government should finance such an operation.

While partisans of the Fellows program delight in the strength of the loyalty of the Fellows network, they assure that those seeking to join simply because a fellowship is the sort of credential that allows one to collect more credentials will be spotted as the crass opportunists they are and will be eliminated from consideration, certainly by the time of the finals. The final interviews, which John Gardner modeled on the OSS screening, bring the 33 who have survived the previous eliminations to some bucolic conference center outside Washington for a process that is more rigorous than the selection process for the actual White House staff, one commissioner has said.

As the pictures of the Fellows lining the commission's office walls attest, in recent years a successful effort has been made to award fellowships to women, minorities, and the handicapped. No more do group portraits of the White House Fellows resemble a John Dean look-alike contest.

The screening process also includes a full field investigation of each of the finalists at a cost of $900 apiece. "We can't risk the embarrassment of having a person appointed to the president under false pretenses," Jones says. This screening recently caused some embarrassment to the commission when an overzealous investigator brought back the erroneous information that a finalist with the class of 1975-76 was a kleptomaniac. When the error was brought to light the woman was given a cash settlement and a place in the incoming class.

Occasionally the investigations do turn up the information that someone has lied about his or her past—for example, covering up being fired from a job, or not receiv-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing a degree. "What's too bad is that the lying was unnecessary," Jones says. "It's usually about matters that the commissioners might have looked on sympathetically and said, Okay, this is someone who's gone through a failure." But Jones admits such a person would not quite fit in with the rest of the Fellows. "It's not a group accustomed to failure," he says.

Emily Yoffe

Emily Yoffe is a Washington freelance writer.

Getting down to brass tacks.

The Commoner Touch

In this democracy, elections are supposed to be the means by which citizens debate issues, decide what should be done, and choose legislators and executives who will transform the chosen policies into reality. In the present election campaign, however, there are two major impediments to this democratic process: first, the media, the two leading parties, and the four candidates still in the race have failed to take up the basic issues now confronting the public; and second, the electoral process has been so subverted that the wishes of the electorate have become all but irrelevant. Barry Commoner, LaDonna Harris, and the Citizens party make up the only electoral force capable of gaining power in this decade that has a logical program for dealing with America's multiple crises—the continuing arms race, the corporate refusal to adopt a solar energy policy, the inability of a trust-oriented government to deal with inflation or depression, the unwillingness of the powers that be to redistribute income and wealth in favor of the underprivileged, and the failure to institute a national health service program, to name the most obvious.

At a time when it is evident that America's problems are fundamental and deeply rooted, it boggles the mind that Carter, Anderson, Reagan, and Kennedy suggest nothing more by way of analysis or programs than cosmetics. Let me give three examples: the high rate of inflation, the counterproductive character of our defense and foreign policy, and the so-called energy crisis.

Establishment candidates, including John Anderson, would have us believe that inflation is caused by an unbalanced federal budget, by a tax policy that discourages capital investment, and other superficial causes. From this analysis the only program of action that the four candidates offer is a merry-go-round: first there is double-digit inflation, then the government causes a recession in order to reduce inflation, and when the recession reaches a danger point, the government offers a tax cut and credit programs to get the economy going again, which re-stimulates double-digit inflation.

The Citizens party, by contrast, sees inflation as something more fundamental. It is caused primarily, according to Commoner and his friends, by the expenditure of $2.2 trillion since World War II on the military machine and by "administered prices." Gargantuan "defense"-related spending has greatly increased our national debt and undermined the value of our dollar. We now allocate $150 billion a year on military procurement and personnel. This drains the economy but adds nothing to it. Unfortunately neither Carter, Reagan, Kennedy, nor Anderson dares point this out because all favor a substantial increase in military spending, not a drastic decrease, as the Citizens party does.

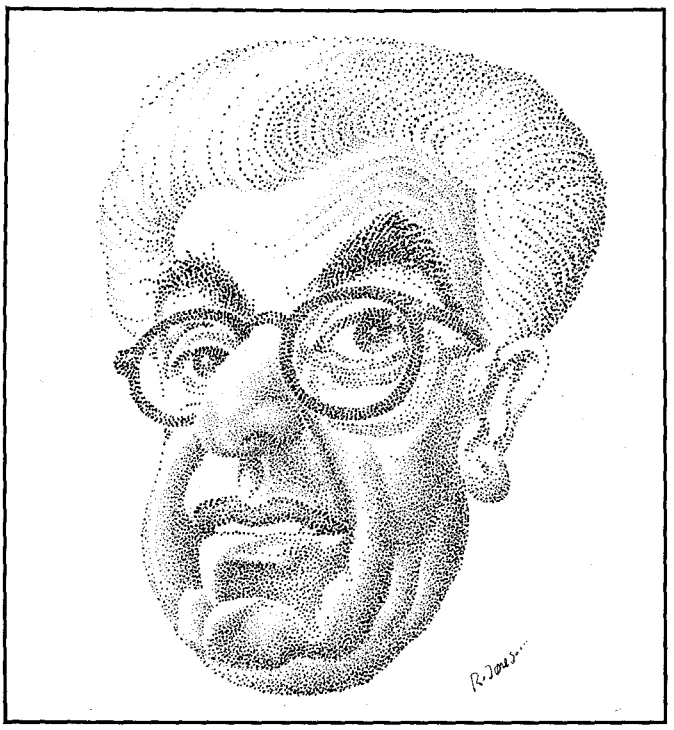
The "gang of four" is also silent about "administered prices"—collusion among the three or four largest companies in the top industries to raise prices in concert, regardless of market conditions. In April of this year, for instance, automobile sales slumped by 40 percent, but automobile prices were hiked an average of $500 in glaring defiance of the law of supply and demand. A secret Federal Trade Commission report made public by Ralph Nader some years ago claims that in industries where administered prices (auto, rubber, steel, cereals, etc.) prevail, prices are 25 percent or more above what they would be under a free market. But the establishment candidates do not deal with this problem, perhaps because the trusts—the conglomerates and multinationals—are their primary constituency.

The Citizens party and Commoner instead would freeze prices temporarily while putting in place a permanent new economic policy. It would drastically cut the military budget, dissolve the trusts and prosecute anti-trust law violations, institute a program of decentralized economic planning, promote a tax policy that would redistribute income in favor of the poor, provide jobs for the jobless by reducing the work week or having the government act as employer of last resort (or both), and introduce social control—and in some cases social ownership—of such industries as petroleum and banking.

Similarly, the four establishment candidates are out of step with history as far as "defense" policy is concerned. All four call for an increase in military spending at the very time that military force has proven counterproductive. US policy suffers from a "Maginot Line syndrome." The French, it may be recalled, designed the Maginot Line anticipating that World War II would be, like World War I, a "war of positions" in which opposing armies in deep trenches would shoot at each other until one side was able to "go over the top" and take the enemy position. Unfortunately, the Germans had designed a "war of movement" strategy; Stuka bombers hit Maginot fortifications at selected spots and Panzer tanks went through the breaches to hit at the French forces from the rear. The French, hobbled by the Maginot Line, fell to the Germans in a few weeks.

The US today has a similar problem. Grown to its current power and status through military force in World War II, the US mesmerized itself, after exploding the atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, into believing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



drawing by Roger Jones

that the bomb would guarantee its power indefinitely.

Unfortunately, the postwar world differs intrinsically from the prewar world. Since 1944 we have witnessed six dozen national revolutions involving half the human race; contrary to the designs of America's leaders, military force is increasingly ineffective against modern revolutionary upheavals. Despite the Pentagon's 31,000 nuclear warheads, many third world nations have seceded from the US sphere of influence. The most glaring recent examples are Vietnam, where the US itself lost a war despite its immense military superiority, and Iran, where an American client, armed with 12 billion dollars' worth of the best American hardware and buttressed by a brutal secret police trained and supplied by the CIA, was unable to vanquish a popular force that did not have a single military platoon at its command until the final hours of the revolution.

In the face of such setbacks for militarism, the answer of the four candidates, with minor differences, is more military spending. The Citizens party, on the other hand, recognizes that military power does not make the US secure, that the US must join the worldwide revolution of rising expectations rather than fight it, and that it must seek detente with Moscow. America's true security lies in rebuilding its economy and funding human needs both at home and abroad, not in wasting tens of billions on armaments. The party calls for putting people before profits, butter before guns.

Finally, consider the so-called energy crisis. The president has called this the "moral equivalent of war." But the cost of that war is being assessed against the ordinary citizen who must pay even more for oil products, while the petroleum companies—whose profits already have doubled and redoubled—will be earning at least another $1,000 billion in the next decade (less $200-odd billion in so-called windfall profits tax) as a result of the Carter deregulation policy. In addition, Carter, Anderson, and Reagan still call for expansion of the nuclear power industry despite the Three Mile Island accident and despite the known dangers of nuclear waste. It seems incredible that apparently sane leaders see nothing wrong in heating water with fuel that will leave a trail of cancer for generations.

America cannot prosper unless it has an intelligent energy policy. The Citizens party's program would place the petroleum industry under social ownership, not only because it is greedy, but because it consciously inhibits efforts to introduce renewable energy until it can find a way to exploit solar energy profitably. The Citizens party, in the interim, would keep a lid on oil prices, establish a government agency to buy foreign oil, and encourage the expanded use of natural gas until solar energy is in place.

As Commoner points out in his book, *The Politics of Energy*, the expenditure of a few hundred million dollars by the federal government for photovoltaic cells would make those cells commercially competitive. Similarly, the government immediately could take steps to expand various forms of solar energy. In other countries we have seen significant advances already. In Brazil, for instance, a fifth of the automobiles already use some ethanol (a solar derivative), and by 1985 the figure will be four-fifths. Yet the US lags behind—not because of technological backwardness, but because of corporate greed. The Citizens party would remedy this situation.

Perhaps as important as programmatic issues in the present campaign is the matter of government by consent of the governed—a principle for which our forebears gave up their lives in 1776 but which for all practical purposes is now dead. After many decades in which campaign pledges have become meaningless, the American electorate now takes it for granted that political candidates do not live up to their promises. In Britain, a person who votes for the Labour party knows with almost mathematical certainty that when it comes to power it will nationalize the steel industry—because that is in the election platform; or, if the Tories get in, there will be a value added tax. But in the US there is no accountability, no means by which a vote at the ballot box can be translated into legislative or executive action after the polling is over.

Consider the record of our last three elected presidents. Lyndon Johnson promised on his Texan honor in the 1964 campaign that "our boys" were not going to be sent into Vietnam to fight a war that "Asian boys" should be fighting for themselves. Plans already had been made for shipping hundreds of thousands of US troops to Indochina; the first contingents would be rolling only a few months after the election. Had American voters known this at the time, the Johnson vote would have been much smaller and there might have been an upheaval in American politics—perhaps the formation of a viable new party like the present Citizens party. In any case, the American voter got just the opposite of what he or she voted for.

Richard Nixon campaigned, we may recall, on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promise that he had a "secret" plan to end the Vietnam War—but he couldn't tell us about it because it might undercut President Johnson's negotiations. We now know from H. R. Haldeman's book, *Ends of Power*, and from the memoirs of Nixon and others, that the "secret plan" was nothing more than a threat to escalate the conventional war into a nuclear war. Nixon himself called it "the madman theory." The Russians and the Chinese were both advised—and asked to pass on to Hanoi—that Nixon was a crazy anticommunist and was prepared to use nuclear weapons by November 1969 to force Ho Chi Minh to come to terms. Fortunately, again according to the Nixon people themselves, the plans were dropped out of concern about antiwar protests after millions had mobilized for the October 15, 1969, nationwide "moratorium" and the November 15 demonstration against the war in Washington. It is certain that if Nixon had told the American people about his "secret plan," he would have been defeated. As it was, he won against Humphrey by a scant seven-tenths of one percentage point.

Jimmy Carter has continued this tradition of promising one thing and doing another. In November 1976 his staff published a 120-page book listing the 660 promises he made to the public during the campaign. Carter promised on his word of honor he would carry out all of them. "I will never lie to you." None of the major promises has been kept: he pledged to reduce the military budget by five to seven billion dollars; he increased it by $40 billion, and recently announced plans to increase it further; he promised to cut military sales to foreign nations, then increased them; he promised to reduce inflation and provide jobs for the unemployed, and did just the opposite. He promised to impose price and wage controls if inflation made it necessary; to reduce dependence on Arabian oil; to oppose conscription—but in each case has taken a course 180 degrees opposite from campaign pledges.

Barry Commoner and the Citizens party are committed to changing this state of affairs, to make the idea of government by consent of the governed meaningful again. Every Citizens party candidate is pledged to its platform (even if he or she disagrees personally) and is pledged to carry out its provisions once in office. Here and there candidates will no doubt renege on that word—and the party will have to take appropriate action—but the new movement begins with a feeling of religious obligation to the idea of government by consent of the governed. What the voter votes for he or she will get.

Many voters who hold views sympathetic to those of Barry Commoner and the Citizens party surely will vote for Anderson or Carter on the strength of the argument that Commoner "can't win." The notion is self-defeating. If Anderson or Carter does get in, he will not move the country in the direction that most liberals or radicals consider necessary. Carter and Anderson are pledged to too many counterproductive policies; and in those areas where they do have liberal views, their pledges are meaningless because there is no tradition for carrying out campaign pledges. Only Commoner and the Citizens party start with such a policy. A vote for Commoner is the only vote that will not be wasted. A vote for any of the others—like a vote for Carter in 1976, Nixon in 1968, Johnson in 1964—is self-delusion, fantasy.

Sidney Lens

Sidney Lens is a contributing editor of the *Progressive*. His latest book, an autobiography, is titled *Unrepentant Radical* (Beacon Press).

The northern border has little to do with Ireland's real problems.

Irish Obsessions

by Graham Hughes

In Sean McDermott Street in Dublin, a few blocks from the city center, they have just pulled down the tenements where people lived 10 to a room. The area is now a miniature South Bronx wasteland where women are warned not to drive alone for fear of young robbers who will shatter the window or door of a car stopped at a traffic light to snatch a purse. Crime in Dublin was up 21 percent in the first quarter of 1980, exceeded only by the inflation rate of 22 percent, which just beat out Britain's as the highest in Europe.

Sean McDermott (or MacDiarmada) was one of the seven signers of the 1916 Proclamation of the Republic, Ireland's Declaration of Independence. The British executed him by firing squad as they did the other six. He was a handsome cripple, an organizer for Sinn Fein (the open movement for Irish Independence), a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood (the secret organization working for an armed uprising), and the most subtle

Graham Hughes is professor of law at New York University

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Columnist and the Fugitive

Philadelphia is large, it contains multitudes—and the columnists of Philadelphia, with their fine instinct for wrenching tales of injustice, eagerly embrace its victims: raped women, evicted immigrants, addicted gamblers, blacks wanted for publicized crimes. Thus it was that Jack McKinney, florid and Irish and an arts columnist for the *Philadelphia Daily News*, last spring came up with the starkest victim of them all. "Whenever anyone calls me up with an Irish accent and says it's important they see me, I grant them an audience," he explains. A bull of a figure with prodigious editorial reach, McKinney never has shunned phone calls with a globally political lilt: he considers himself "one of the foremost authorities" on Ireland in this country. McKinney, a native Philadelphian, hasn't abandoned the Irish cause. For a time in the early 1970s he lived in Belfast, where he actively supported the Irish nationalists. He often mentions, then quashes, the rumor that he is the father of Bernadette Devlin's bastard child. When Lord Mountbatten was killed last summer McKinney reminded readers that the killing was the first violation in 50 years of Standing Order 9 of the General Regulations of the Irish Republican Army, forbidding assassinations of Royal family members. The fugitive called himself "Brian Barry."

When the ruddy, wild-eyed Barry offered himself up to the well-fed community in the *Daily News* city room, a Red Sea of force lines crackled and parted. McKinney's political antennae quivered. Barry, at 29, had a deeply lined face set off by a whorl of dyed red hair, and McKinney sensed at once that there were certain questions he must not ask. McKinney knows a thing or two about political desperadoes, and possesses an acuity only a veteran of the Office of Strategic Services might have in the United States today. You don't ask "Where are you from?" or "What are you doing here?" Instead, you talk about politics and strategy.

The man was, without doubt, a very hot coal indeed. There was the night the two of them stayed up until dawn washing poteen (McKinney: "strong shit, Irish moonshine") down with Guinness. McKinney woke up the next afternoon, his anvil-wide brow throbbing, and stumbled into his living room only to find that Barry was on the last chapter of a long book about the Irish prison system.

After a few weeks "Barry" revealed himself to McKinney as Edward N. (Nicky) Kelly. Eighteen months before, the notorious Special Criminal Court in Dublin, the Republic of Ireland, had convicted Kelly for a celebrated 1976 mail train robbery. The only evidence against him and two other members of the Irish Republic Socialist party (which split off from the IRA in 1974 over a factional dispute) were confessions they claimed had been extracted after they had been tortured by Dublin police. An appeals court had just freed the other two after serving the first year and a half of long prison terms. Kelly, who had gone underground to avoid jail, now was desperate to go back home and file his own appeal. Friends had directed him to McKinney.

McKinney and Kelly agreed on a plan. Kelly would turn himself over to McKinney, McKinney would accompany him to the Irish embassy with a *Daily News* photographer at their heels. The wire services and then the Irish press would pick up the story. Kelly would fly back into Ireland and cause international embarrassment to the republic. His own appeal process might be expedited, and the "heavy gang"—the squad that had tortured him in 1976—would keep hands off.

With great urgency the fugitive spelled out the details of his torture. One policeman had placed the legs of a chair on his outstretched palms, then sat on the chair and spat in his face while others beat him. Kelly's head had been forced into a toilet and the toilet flushed repeatedly. Doctors

fomentor of the Easter rebellion. Like McDermott, several of the other six founding fathers may have felt strong psychic spurs to rebellion and martyrdom. Joseph Mary Plunkett was dying of tuberculosis; Tom Clarke, McDermott's mentor, was wasted from 15 years in English prisons; Patrick Pearse, the commander in chief, feared the end of a cherished dream with the collapse in debt of the Irish language school he had founded and presided over, and his own imminent bankruptcy. Held together by McDermott's intrigues and the resolution of James Connolly and his Marxist Citizen Army, and immeasurably assisted by British firing squads, the seven improbably hoisted themselves into an Irish pantheon.

Neither of the two very different Republics held in the visions of the two principal figures of 1916 ever showed any promise of coming into being. For Pearse, Ireland was to be "not free only but Gaelic too." But today scarcely anyone can speak Irish, though the language is reverentially mummified and afforded a ridiculous prominence in public display, titles, and announcements. Welsh, which enjoys considerably less official patronage, is much more alive in Wales than Irish is in Ireland. The experiment of designating small enclaves, known as the Gaeltacht, where Irish is spoken and where special government aid is offered, has been a failure. The *Irish Times* recently published an article entitled "The Last Days of the Gaeltacht."

The great Dublin strikes led by Jim Larkin in 1913 were struggles between Irish workers (aided by British trade unions) and Irish employers. When James Connolly, Larkin's successor, led his Citizen Army into battle in 1916, he was fighting for a workers' republic. He told his soldiers to hold on to their rifles after the English were defeated because they might be needed to deal with the workers' enemies in Ireland. But the government that ruled the Free State in the 1920s after the Civil War was the very model of an efficient, moderate British bureaucracy. Cosgrave and O'Higgins performed miracles of sound administration, quickly restoring order, paying off debts, and reconstructing the economy, all in an admirably Gladstonian manner that had nothing to do with Pearse's Gaelic heroics or Connolly's socialist dreams of redistributing wealth.

Even when the unbending de Valera returned from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

later told the court of his extensive bruising. Denied food, water, and sleep for days at a time, Kelly was psychologically coerced, too: a man dressed as a priest urged him to confess or be forsaken by God, and the police lied that Kelly's mother had suffered a heart attack. The government in the Republic of Ireland can be as brutal as the northern authorities, said McKinney, after hearing all this. "A banana republic," spat Nicky. He further announced that he belonged to a tradition of struggle 800 years old, older than any other people's struggle except for the Mongolians'.

Kelly had been in a New York hospital for tests on a constant headache, he had undergone hypnosis to rid himself of nightmares, and had blacked out from anxiety three times in the last month as he waited for the results of the appeal. He carried a sheaf of his own notes enumerating these points. The word STRESS! was inscribed at the top of one. He also carried a letter from former perennial New York candidate Paul O'Dwyer, stating the attorney's belief that he had suffered the effects of torture.

Kelly could sleep for only two hours at a stretch during his last week in the US at the columnist's apartment. While Kelly clutched his aching skull or read political literature or studied the low, cluttered, dark brick skyline of North Philadelphia from the living room window, Jack McKinney tossed in the next room. The fugitive's anxiety gave the columnist nightmares. He had vivid dreams of his own arrests in Ireland, or of Kelly and him being tortured. In at least one of the dreams McKinney *was* Kelly. And some nights McKinney would wake up in a cold sweat and hear the younger man in the next room crying "No, no, no" in the middle of a dream.

The days immediately preceding Kelly's departure to Ireland were chaotic. The Irish government refused to pay Kelly's airfare home. (Local labor leaders who are Irish later paid). The fugitive's solicitor, girlfriend, and party leader all telephoned Kelly's lawyer in the US from Ireland—the latter two using aliases—and urged him to keep Kelly underground until the appeals court at least explained why it had freed the others. The party leader worried that Kelly would buckle and tell authorities who had obtained the false passport he used to leave Ireland. Kelly refused to call his party leader because he would have to obey any direct order to remain underground. "It was cloak and dagger," says the lawyer.

On his last night Kelly was "tight as a banjo string," recalls McKinney. The columnist worried that the fugitive would have a stroke so he took him to an Italian movie. Kelly told him, "You're my only link with sanity." In New York no news photographer followed the pair into the Irish consulate; nor did the half-expected Immigration and Naturalization Service agents dog their steps. When the consulate demanded nine dollars for Kelly's emergency travel document, the columnist was outraged, but paid. "When a Russian sailor jumps ship from his trawler and turns himself in, do you think the Soviet embassy demands 17 roubles for *his* passport?" he frothed.

For Kelly, America was too materialistic, too flaccid, without any profound sense of despair. American beer was bad, American architecture was the work of "a lunatic gone mad with a trowel," Kelly observed as we drove through North Philadelphia one day. McKinney was at the wheel at the time, and he broke into a thick brogue to sing a Brendan Behan song about the prison door clanging shut on a political prisoner—while Kelly stared glumly out of the car window. McKinney said that Kelly had to go back as much to ease his homesickness as to clear his name. In his last piece on the fugitive, the columnist recreated his final image of Kelly boarding his flight, singing the words of *The Patriot Game*—"the love of one's country is a terrible thing. . . ."

Philip Weiss

Philip Weiss is a reporter for the *Philadelphia Daily News*.

his self-imposed political exile over a form of oath and became prime minister in 1932, he carried on, in the larger sense, exactly the policies of his predecessors. The chief policy, which has never ceased to be the governing one of Irish administrations, is to meet the needs of small, landowning farmers. The Irish struggle against the English in the 19th century was at heart not a national one but a class upheaval, an assertion by the rural Irish middle class of its right to pay a fair rent or to own land. Once secure, this class in turn relaxed and for the most part stood aloof from the 1916 rising, which was mounted by Dublin poets and socialists.

The Irish obsession with tenure of land and the accompanying fear of fragmentation of holdings has led to postponed marriages, a harshly celibate life, and a high incidence of alcoholism and mental illness. The mid-20th-century version of this is portrayed in the early novels and stories of Edna O'Brien, and is the subject of *The Chastitute*, a play by John B. Keane that recently opened in Cork and Dublin. The central figure of the *The Chastitute* is a virgin farmer in his 50s making a desperate late attempt to find sex and love. All his efforts fail comically with much Irish hilarity, including the assurance that a woman is so virtuous that "she never lifted her skirt except to attend to a call of nature." In the end the hero contemplates shotgun suicide. He is dissuaded by a priest, only to turn instead to suicide Irish-style through the whisky bottle.

Today rural life decays as more and more of the Irish become urban dwellers. When the Irish Free State was founded in 1921, 80 percent of the people lived in the countryside. Now 80 percent live in cities and towns. In the ceili dances, held on Saturday nights in country pubs and hotels, women outnumber men by at least four to one. They sit resplendent in ultra-high heeled, patent leather, ankle-strapped, platformed shoes that might come out of a pornographic comic strip. These are worn even by otherwise dowdily dressed or middle-aged women. It is as if all sexuality had been channeled into a colossal national shoe fetish. The young men mostly stand drinking at the bar and rarely approach the women. Similar scenes, with different music, can be observed in Portuguese social-club dances in the United States.

Apart from its rural obsessions, Irish life is not signifi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cantly different from British. Irish cities (both of them) are more lively late in the evening. People still go in large numbers to the movies, and pubs stay open later than in England. This may be due in part to the numbing quality of natively produced Irish TV programs, which seem revoltingly preoccupied with subjects like techniques for extracting peat from bogs and Catholic missions to leper colonies. Because a certain amount of drunkenness is thought to be natural, the city of Cork has the engaging facility of providing "double taxi" service. This is for the person who finds himself in a pub late in the evening too drunk to drive home. A taxi company will supply not only a cab for the caller, but also a second driver to drive his car home. Environmental purity is not a matter of great concern. The Irish trucks and buses belch noxious clouds of greasy black smoke at pedestrians. Roadsides in the country often are marred by great heaps of garbage, though some public concern recently was expressed when a tanker driver dumped hundreds of gallons of waste chromium into two rivers, killing 40,000 fish and almost poisoning the whole population of the town of Fermoy.

Much dissatisfaction with Ireland or Irish life is born of neurotic expectations nourished by centuries of foreign misgovernment. The often well-intentioned but mostly inept acts of English government effectively impoverished Ireland, decimated its population, and ensured that for generations there would be a sizable minority of Irish people unable to perceive any social or political issue except through the lens of Anglophobia. This Montenegro complex remains a splendid fallback for Irish politicians in bad times. But it should not obscure the achievements of the born-again nation. In 60 years the Irish people and governments overcame a bitter civil war, established a stable democracy, brought about what de Valera called a "frugal comfort" in living standards, kept out of a world war, and avoided a direct clash with Britain in spite of strong feelings on the northern question. Against this we can set an insensitivity to the needs of the urban proletariat, an incomprehension of the rights of women, and a parochial toadying to the established Roman church which at times has led to ludicrous censorship and other insults to civil rights.

Today the economy of the Republic absorbs the pounding of Western inflation and recession without the capacity to do much in the way of self-defense. In June one could get a 16 to 18 percent return on very secure Irish investments, and as a result the Irish punt (pound) became the strongest unit in the European currency "snake," replacing the French franc. But this is the consequence of monetary policy, and is not an index of any underlying strength in the Irish economy. Strikes are rampant, including a partial Aer Lingus stoppage for many weeks this spring and early summer that gravely damaged the very important tourist industry. The postal workers, who staged a marathon strike last year, seem likely to come out again. Ireland's mail service is erratic anyway. One lighthearted theory is that it has never recovered from the rebel occupation of the General Post Office in Dublin in 1916.

As with many small nations, the root causes of Ireland's economic troubles are world price movements uninfluenced by Irish initiative. Professor Louis Smith pointed out recently in the *Irish Sunday Press* that entry into the European Common Market was at first very favorable to Ireland, with the prices of exports (mainly agricultural) rising 22 percent more than the price of imports. But agricultural export prices soon stabilized, while prices of imports (particularly oil) rose sharply, thus steeply reducing Irish real income. At the same time Ireland, with a per capita income less than half that in France or Germany, has a growing population and urgently needs to devote a larger part of its GNP to investment. Professor Smith foresees the possibility that the standard of living could sink by 20 percent. Reduced consumption would lead to "heavy unemployment and emigration, particularly of highly skilled people who could see no reason for taking an Irish salary when they could get much more abroad." The only solution is to increase productivity substantially. This is an appeal heard so often in other countries, and so little realized, that the future for the Irish economy seems grim indeed. But perhaps the luck of the Irish will bring rescue by a *deus ex machina*. Recent survey reports indicate the possibility of a moderate oil strike on the Porcupine Shelf off the west coast of Ireland. OPEC may meet yet in Dublin.

Despite the economic gloom, there are those who still regard the northern border question as the most burning on the Irish scene. The economy of northern Ireland is itself so moribund, kept creaking along only by vast infusions of British aid, that the reconstitution of a united Ireland and the withdrawal of British subsidies to the north might have as its major result the economic devastation of the whole island. Perhaps this is why nobody in any position of authority in Dublin or London seems very anxious to do anything about the impasse. The latest British proposals for restoring self-government to the north have only the tentative status of a consultative document. If they were accepted by the parties in the north (which seems unlikely), any northern government probably would be headed by the radical Protestant clergyman, Ian Paisley. This prospect was greeted by the normally sober *Irish Times* of Dublin with the comment that the "Orange Moloch" had incinerated moderate

Coming:

Henry Fairlie on

the Decline of America.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leaders and now "the monster seems likely to take over."

The prime minister of the Republic today is Mr. Charles Haughey, the chief of the old Republican, de Valera party, Fianna Fail (which immodestly means Warriors of Destiny). Haughey is a millionaire who once teetered on the edge of political ruin when, as a minister in an earlier government, he was accused of gun-running for the IRA. In a much publicized interview with the BBC in June, Haughey referred to the "deep-seated aspiration of the Irish people to unity." He acknowledged the difficulty arising from sharply differing social legislation in the Republic and the north concerning divorce and contraception. (Abortion apparently was unmentionable.) He could see no prospect of changing the law in the Republic to recognize divorce, but suggested that in a united Ireland some kind of federal arrangement would be possible that would permit the north to retain its present autonomy in social legislation.

On such matters Haughey should know what he's talking about. He is a former minister of health, responsible for a statute imposing tight restrictions on the availability of contraceptives. According to a letter from a doctor in the *Irish Times*, this law callously endangers the lives of Irish women. The alleged political impossibility of changing the Republic's laws on such matters is at the least dubious. It is common knowledge that the law banning contraceptives is widely flouted and that more and more Irish citizens establish a domicile in the United Kindom in order to get a divorce. Haughey's fatalistic acceptance of the immutability of Roman church pronouncements as constituting the social law of the Republic is hardly likely to encourage a desire for union among citizens in the north.

The situation in the north is much less dangerous than outsiders suppose. Business people in the Republic don't seem at all worried about having to go up to Belfast. If we coldly count heads, one is in far worse danger from murder in New York City or traffic accidents in France. But horrifying and dehumanizing acts go on steadily. Northern policemen and members of a paramilitary force recently were convicted of the torture and murder of Catholic civilians seemingly quite unconnected with any extremist group. Members of the Ulster defense associations are shot down sporadically. Some spots seethe with hatred. Jammed into a narrow salient that sticks into the Republic is the village of Crossmaglen. Seventy British soldiers have been killed there, and in May the Provisional IRA assassinated Anthony Shields, a retarded young man, on the ground that he was an informer. Crossmaglen is completely Catholic and solidly united in its rejection of British rule and its resentment over the presence of the British army. Yet no one there seems to believe that Shields was an informer. Like two other locals shot by the Provos as "informers," it seems that Shields was eccentric and kept to himself. His crime presumably was a failure to espouse the Provo cause in a sufficiently public and vigorous manner.

For all its irrelevance, the border conflict takes a toll on the economy of the Republic. In 1969 the cost of security measures in the Republic attributable to Ulster violence was two million pounds. In 1979 it had risen to 60 million pounds, a not inconsiderable item in the Irish budget.

The parlous state of the Irish economy and the government's preoccupation with rural problems has led to the growth of the Sinn Fein Worker's party, a significant development in all-Ireland politics. An offshoot of one of the many branches of the Sinn Fein movement, SFWP is a Marxist party that seeks state control of the economy in the interests of the urban worker. It has turned its back on traditional Irish devotion to the farmer and makes its appeal to those on whom Wolfe Tone relied, the "men of no property." The SFWP combines its economic attack on Anglo-Irish capitalism with a campaign for greater civil liberties and recognition of women's rights. With considerable daring, it has completely reversed the traditional Sinn Fein position on Irish unity. The party acknowledges the impossibility of forcing one million northern Protestants into a united Ireland against their will. It even opposes the cherished Catholic call for guaranteed quotas for Catholic places in government in the north (an idea even the British flirt with), and insists instead on the importance of the democratic principle of majority government. Instead of union of sovereignty, it calls for increased economic cooperation between the Republic and the north.

SFWP has had little success in the north, where politics are monopolized by divisions of sect and sovereignty. But in the Republic, its vigorous arguments and attractive presentations are drawing considerable support from young workers, enough to frighten the Irish Labor party thoroughly. If the crash comes and high unemployment and a steep drop in the standard of living hit the Republic, SFWP could make great headway.

"Romantic Ireland's dead and gone." The Republic today is a small country struggling to become half as prosperous as Denmark. Ireland's membership in the European Economic Community may be its salvation, not because of economic benefits, which are debatable, but because it flings open some windows. The Free State and the early Republic were claustrophobic, obsessed with martyrology and ritual obeisance to a dead language and dead ways, governed alternately by two tight political clubs whose identity was conferred by membership (real or claimed) in former rival military organizations. But Irish members now sit in a European Parliament, Dublin is in its turn the meeting place of the Council of the European Economic Community, and Irish soldiers serve in a UN Force. Giving up neurotic preoccupations is never easy, and embodiments of Ireland as mythic figures like Cathleen Ni Houlihan or the Sean Bhean Bhoct are a good deal more heady than worrying about the details of new municipal housing in Dublin. But such obsessions also lead to destruction and death and to the despair that brought George Moore to describe Ireland as "a fatal disease." Cleaning up Sean McDermott Street is a better memorial to the man after whom it is named than setting a bomb in the north.

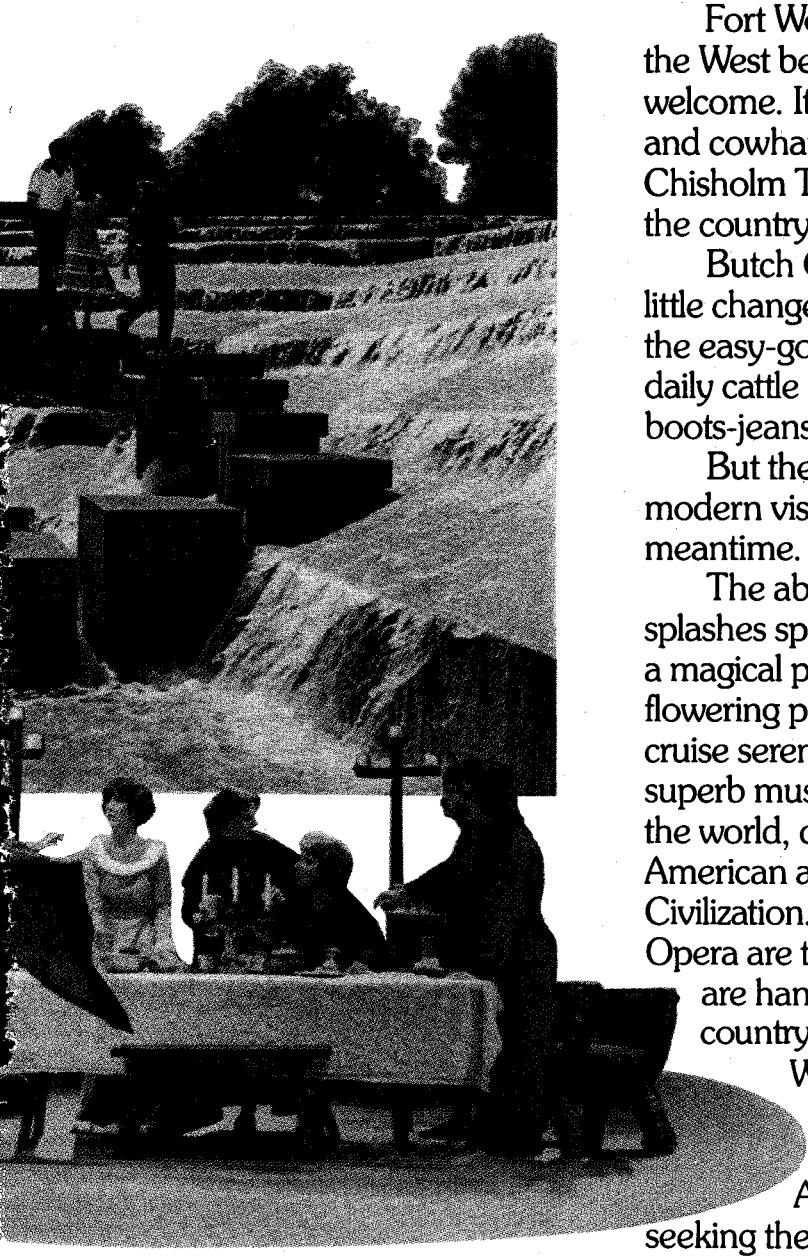
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is one of our hometowns: Fort Worth, Tex

Welcome to where

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the West began.



Fort Worth's proud boast is that it is the town "where the West began"—and it began with a wide-open welcome. Its first visitors were the hard-driving cattlemen and cowhands heading their huge herds north along the Chisholm Trail. Today it welcomes visitors from around the country and around the world.

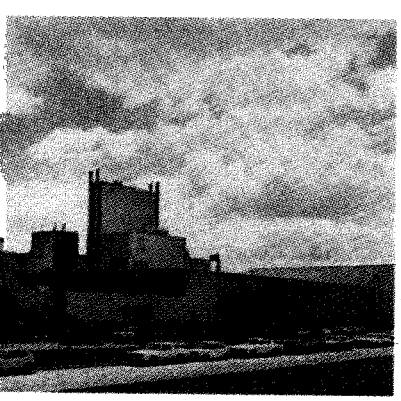
Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid would find little changed since their last visit in such key things as the easy-going and out-going manners of their hosts, daily cattle auctions, weekly rodeos and the casual boots-jeans-and-Stetsons style of dress.

But they would probably be amazed, as many a modern visitor is, at what Fort Worth has wrought in the meantime.

The abundant water that drew the herds now splashes spectacularly in the Fort Worth Water Garden, a magical park of waterfalls and fountains, trees and flowering plants. Out on the lakes, luxury sailboats now cruise serenely in the Texas breeze. And a quartet of superb museums, unrivaled in any city of similar size in the world, display not merely the best of Western American art but some of the finest of Western Civilization. The Fort Worth Symphony, Ballet and Opera are thriving concerns and modern musicals are handsomely staged at the Casa Manana, the country's oldest permanent theatre-in-the-round.

With a fine sense of the legendary Texas boast, Fort Worth lays claim to being the "most Texas" town in Texas.

And its Texas-size welcome is what visitors, seeking the past or the present, remember best. If you come, we hope you'll stop by at our Miller Brewing Company so we can welcome you with some of the most famous brands in today's Texas: Miller High Life Beer, Lite Beer and Lowenbrau Special and Dark Special Beer



Philip Morris Incorporated

Good people make good things.

Makers of Marlboro, Benson & Hedges 100's, Merit, Parliament Lights, Virginia Slims and Cambridge; Miller High Life Beer, Lite Beer and Löwenbräu Special and Dark Special Beer; 7 UP and Diet 7 UP.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Madnesses

Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's *Our Hitler* (*TNR*, February 2, 1980), though seven hours long, is only the third part of what Syberberg considers a trilogy. The first part is *Ludwig*, subtitled *Requiem for a Virgin King*, made in 1972 at a mere two hours and 20 minutes. *Ludwig* is now released in this country by the same firm that distributes the other film, American Zoetrope, and has had its American premiere in the film series at the Public Theater in New York.

Those who saw, or only read about, the Hitler film have some idea of the method in *Ludwig*. Seen second, it appears not so much a first part as a rough draft: in method and, to some degree, in handling of the themes. Ludwig of Bavaria (1846-86), theatrically mad and madly theatrical though he was, doesn't remotely match Adolf in interest. His grandeurs and miseries, his loves and lonelinesses and lunacies, strike Syberberg—and some others—as signifiers of the "German soul," even as predictions of nazism. Luchino Visconti had some such idea in *his* film *Ludwig* (*TNR*, March 31, 1973), a relatively traditional narrative, gorgeous but garbled. In both versions, the historical resonance is muted for non-Germans though, of the two, Syberberg treats it more openly.

His *Ludwig* is drenched with Wagner. The opening scene is a parody of the opening of *Das Rheingold*, with a child Ludwig as Alberich. Later there's a scene in which Ludwig—played by Harry Baer, who did much sitting at desks in *Our Hitler*—sits at a desk while we hear the entire *Liebestod* from *Tristan*. There are also huge chunks of *Die Götterdämmerung*, *Lohengrin*, and more. In *Our Hitler* the proliferation of Wagner was complementary, but here Syberberg seems to be leaning on Wagner, asking the music to do much of his work for him.

A director of his gifts couldn't make a film without some excellent images. My favorite is a shot of Ludwig sitting in his palace, nude women on either side of him holding torches, snow falling in front of him; behind him is a rear-projection film of modern tourists being shown through that palace. Anachronisms are frequent: further instances are sound-track snippets of American radio shows—"Superman" and "The Shadow" and "The Lone Ranger." The only point I can see in them is facile: contrast between past luxe and mass-cult today. Or possibly, because these films were presumably available on Armed Forces radio in Germany, those snippets are reminders of the war and the defeat that Hitler (for Syberberg, a scion of Ludwig) brought on Germany.

One recurrent stylistic convention that differs from *Our Hitler* is the use of theatrical backdrops instead of the patent sound-stages in the other film. Well, in *Our Hitler* Adolf is called the greatest filmmaker in the world, so the sound-stage device applies. In *Ludwig* the theater scenery crystallizes the theatricality of Ludwig's life and the "performance" of his life, his passion for the theater, his devotion to Wagner.

Through the rhapsody of free-form scenes—involving Bismarck, Wagner, Lola Montes, and many more—two themes pervade. First, the German self-image as romantic poisoning, which means poisoning both of and by romanticism. Second, Syberberg's torment at the fate of being German, of sharing that inheritance, along with his tormented pride at sharing it. But these themes are much more fulfilled in the later, longer film.

A final puzzler. The closing title is *Requiescat in Pace*. Why? I suppose we all wish a peaceful rest to most people, but after what has been shown here about antecedent curse, why a closing note of compassion?

The intervening film, No. 2 in the trilogy, is *Karl May*, about the German writer of Western novels who is very popular in the German-speaking world and was loved by Hitler. Despite reservations about the above, I hope No. 2 gets released here. At whatever level, Syberberg is too good to go unseen.

Like nature, film criticism abhors a vacuum. What's wanted at all times is a stylist to sing about—more than one, if possible. The style itself doesn't matter—Max Ophuls or Samuel Fuller—so long as the writer can a) concentrate on it juicily; b) discount content; c) discount those who consider content. The whole project becomes a means of sorting out those who can really "see" films from those who can't, those who "love movies" from those who, like myself, would be embarrassed to be under that soppy rubric. I'm always a bit relieved when I fail the test (though I don't always).

I've failed again. The latest stylistic laureate, who has been getting nearer and nearer to it through recent years, is the still-young American director Brian De Palma. His latest film *Dressed to Kill* seems to be a box-office hit and a critical one. De Palma specializes in scare and murder: *Sisters* (I walked out of that one), *Carrie*, *The Fury*, although his first released pictures were comic hijinks, *Hi, Mom* and *Greetings*. Nowadays the com-

Films Worth Seeing

Airplane! Don't be wary because you've heard it's funny. It *is* funny—brimming with gags, most of which are good and some of which are cheerfully outrageous.

Fame. Try to ignore the plot. (It's hard.) Enjoy the show-biz performances. (It's easy.) Supposedly about the High School of Performing Arts in NYC and full of NYC fever.

Rockers. Jamaica. Not the TV tourist-commercial Jamaica. Black people play themselves in an invented story. Lots of music.

Rough Cut. The diamond-robbery story is paste, but Burt Reynolds and David Niven sparkle.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parison most often slapped on him is Hitchcock, and in a few respects, the connection is deserved.

For instance, *Dressed to Kill* is constructed to provide occasions for cinematic "arias," like those in Hitchcock. De Palma wrote his script around three such main sequences: a cat-and-cat game in the Metropolitan Museum between a man and a woman; a scene between a hooker and a New York psychiatrist in his office during a thunderstorm at night (neither of them comments on it though I've never seen such a huge storm in this city); and a scare sequence at the end which has a basic resemblance to the last sequence in *Carrie.* In these three sections—and elsewhere—De Palma certainly weaves extraordinary silk-and-polyester texture. His camera glides (much more insinuatingly than Kubrick's in *The Shining*), the editing is acute, the compositions are generally economical and strong. True, he overuses big close-ups right from the beginning, and he stoops to one of the dreariest clichés—a shot with a telephone large in the foreground so that you know the character in the background is coming to pick up the phone. But it's pretty hard to fault his skills.

Next question: Is that enough? And next question: Does skill—the proper word for De Palma, I think, not style—justify everything? Excuse all faults? Compensate for all vacancies? Before anyone mentions the name Flaubert, I'll quote the much-quoted passage myself: "In literature there are no such things as beautiful subjects. . . . One can write about any one thing equally well as about any other." But Flaubert did not say there is no such thing as a subject; and he went on immediately to say: "The artist must raise everything to a higher level."

And what is the subject of *Dressed to Kill*? The agonies of a homicidal transvestite. (I'm not tipping the plot—not very much. Any seasoned viewer will guess the key gimmick long before it's revealed, and it's revealed long before the end.) It would be ludicrous to suggest that this subject is "raised" in Flaubert's sense—it's merely exploited for sex and violence, the sex seamy and the violence unwatchable. (Razors.) If you've been waiting for a work to reveal the connections between sex and violence—which means if you're under [illegible] age of, say, nine—*Dressed to Kill* will [illegible]ten you. Otherwise it may seem, [illegible] me, high-gloss exploitation. [illegible]es already contend that the center of the film is the very fact that it has no plot or moral center. It begins with a well-to-do woman, maritally unsatisfied, who cruises New York to (the phrase used) get laid. Later the focus shifts to her bright teenage son, about whom she has made a laboriously contrived sexual joke, and a hooker. The boy is monastically pure, but the hooker is stock-market mad. The detective on the case is a vulgarian. If things aren't grubby enough by then, you get a gang of black youths chasing the (blonde) hooker through the subway to rape her. And the film ends with the pure boy comforting the frightened hooker in his mom's bed, so, who knows?, he may be about to become a citizen of De Palma's centerless world, just as we fade out. But *is* De Palma a new Céline, a new Georges Bataille? I get no such anti-conviction conviction from the film. I get only that because virtually all taboos are now taboo, pictures like *Dressed to Kill* can be made.

Hitchcock's *Psycho* has been invoked a lot in discussing this film, because of the transvestite and because there are two, count 'em, two shower scenes with naked women, start and finish. (*Modesty Note.* In the first one Angie Dickinson caresses her body, as she watches her husband shave with a premonitory open razor, and the camera snaps from face to breast and pubis. Interviews assert that only the face is Dickinson's. A nice touch. She doesn't mind our thinking that we're seeing her body as long as it's someone else's.) I'm no *Psycho* addict, but the comparison seems glib. The script of *Psycho,* by Joseph Stephano from a Robert Bloch novel, has a narrative and "viewpoint" center, and no plot holes. In De Palma's film, how did the murderer know that the victim would forget a ring and come back upstairs? And Hitchcock doesn't use a dream for an extra dollop of thrills. And Hitchcock suggests, with dramatic music; De Palma shows, with oily music. In the famous *Psycho* shower scene, says James Naremore, "Out of more than 50 separate shots, only one shows a knife entering a body . . . a tiny puncture. Even in this explicit shot, there is no blood." De Palma details the razoring. (Not to me. I had to look away).

The most important similarity of *Dressed to Kill* to *Psycho* I haven't seen mentioned. One of Hitchcock's biggest shocks is "outside" the film, a violation of audience confidence. When we see a star in a film, see her early, we expect her to go substantially through the picture. One of the strongest jolts in *Psycho* is that Janet Leigh gets murdered so soon. De Palma apes this device; he relies on us, watching the film, to supply a violable orthodoxy.

The performances don't need comment.

I haven't been so depressed by a skillfully made film since the post-*Nashville* Altman crop. What ability De Palma has. What emptiness. What glorying in that emptiness as proof that he's a true *auteur.* Well, at least the filmniks are happy once more: they have a new "stylist."

Robert Brustein on theater

The Art of Kenneth Tynan

> The intellect of man is forced to choose
> Perfection of the life or of the work.
> —Yeats

I was in the midst of writing an essay on the current state of drama criticism when I learned that one of the few surviving masters of that declining art—Kenneth Tynan—had died of pulmonary emphysema in a Santa Monica hospital at the age of 53. His death represents a loss to the theater of considerable magnitude; it is also something of a personal loss. Primarily because of his illness, Tynan had not practiced criticism for over a decade. His literary activity in the latter days of his life consisted largely of writing profiles for the *New Yorker,* which he recently collected in a book called *Show People.* These were widely appreciated, but it was as a drama critic for the same magazine in the early 1960s that Tynan produced his most distinguished work.

We were never exactly friends—more like two panthers sharing a jungle, respectful enough of claws and teeth to give each other a wide berth. Nevertheless, we were of the same age and often drank at the same trough. It was in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the same year (1959) I started writing for *The New Republic* that he began reviewing for the *New Yorker*, and later I became his successor on the English weekly where he first made his reputation, the *Observer*. Our first encounter was at a ghastly Broadway production of Camus's *Caligula* which featured a rather overwrought performance by Kenneth Haigh. After we had traded opinions over a drink at a New York theater hangout called Downey's, who should walk in but the star of the show, the Angry Young Man whom Tynan had celebrated for his performance in Osborne's *Look Back In Anger*. When Tynan mischievously insisted on introducing me as a critic who had just seen his performance, Haigh eyed me suspiciously; I kept silent. "Wild about you," Tynan interjected. "Doubts about the play."

Tynan was married to Elaine Dundee at the time, a stylish writer in her own right, and my wife-to-be and I occasionally joined them at dinner preceding or following a performance. Despite his soft stammer, Tynan was a witty and voluble companion, as brilliant in his conversation as in his prose. I felt no match for him either in repartee or in erudition. I battled my sense of inferiority by telling myself that at least I was more serious. Tynan's dress was idiosyncratic—he leaned toward purple shirts and faun-colored suits—and he had a passion (which I scorned) for café society. This and the way he reveled in Broadway musicals sometimes raised my Puritan hackles—but I couldn't suppress my respect for his reviews. Tynan had a genuinely pluralistic sensibility. He loved show biz, but he was also always alert to a truly adventurous theatrical departure. Because of a silly *New Yorker* policy, he was allowed to cover only Broadway plays, but he hectored his Off-Broadway colleague so much with his own admiration for Jack Gelber's *The Connection* that the *New Yorker* published a notice that helped save that production from its savaging by the New York press.

Tynan scorned Yeats's notion that one had to choose between life and art; he wanted both. He loved breaking bread with the objects of his criticism—not only actors but celebrities from every walk of life. When to the disappointment of many admirers he decided to leave the *New Yorker* and return to England, he celebrated his departure with a monster party at the Forum of the Twelve Caesars to which he invited Jewish intellectuals, novelists, theater celebrities, pop singers, movie stars, even a few gamblers and gangsters. It was my first brush with the Beautiful People and I was dazzled. So apparently was Norman Podhoretz, who rushed up to Lauren Bacall at the bar to inform her that she was the first movie star he had ever met. Since he had interrupted her conversation with Arlene Francis, she took this piece of intelligence as an intrusion. "Piss off, Buster," she told one of New York's most influential editors, "I'm talking to my peers."

When informed later of the identity of her admirer, Miss Bacall was flabbergasted. "Why do these intellectuals look so much like businessmen?" she asked Tynan. Jay Gatsby could have produced nothing better.

Tynan returned to England to become

photo of Kenneth Tynan by Anabel Garth

the literary director of the new National Theatre, then just starting at the Old Vic under the direction of Laurence Olivier. I don't think he was happy in that role for long. Although known at Oxford as an Oscar Wilde aesthete, Tynan had become political after Suez, and he had a weakness—not shared by Olivier—for leftist theater. Aside from a few translations of classical plays commissioned of people like John Osborne, it was hard to find much sign of Tynan's taste in the scheduling of the National. The play he championed most passionately during those years—Rolf Hochuth's *Soldiers*—had to be done commercially on the West End because Olivier objected to its treatment of Churchill; and *Oh! Calcutta*—Tynan's raunchy contribution to the sexual revolution—was hardly considered inviting material for England's leading Establishment theater. The relationship between Tynan and Olivier was complicated—I suspect that Tynan's posthumous memoir is the only thing that will do it full justice. His influence on the National began to wane, a process suggested in his changing titles (the last being "literary advisor"). But despite the conflicts, Tynan's admiration for Olivier almost verged on a crush, and he continued to play the great actor's Boswell with interviews of great depth and affection.

It was during a visit to the United States in the late 1960s that Tynan learned he had emphysema. By this time he and his first wife were divorced, and he was spending a week on Martha's Vineyard with his new wife, Kathleen. One day Tynan overcooked himself on the beach; when he returned his fair complexion was as purple as his shirts. During drinks at the home of Bill and Rose Styron, we began discussing Styron's reigning obsession, namely the malign effects of cigarette smoking on the tissue of the lungs. At Styron's urging, the various smokers in the room underwent a test for emphysema; pulling in the lower lip and then trying to blow out a candle. All passed the test—except Tynan. He couldn't extinguish the flame. I saw his sun-purpled face grow pale. He left immediately for England, where a physician told him that one of his lungs already had collapsed.

Tynan was told to give up smoking and move to a warmer climate. At first, he was able to do neither for very long periods. He spent some months in Ceylon, and later lived in southern California, but he was an inveterate England-watcher and he smoked like a chimney. His perfect life was beginning to evaporate at an early age, and this was affecting his perfect art. The subjects of his prose—whether bullfighting or movies or personalities—soon were being determined by where he could go to draw an uninhibited breath.

Tynan's critical gift was almost indistinguishable from a creative gift. The rest of us gray and stolid judges often are content to offer an opinion or elaborate on an idea. Tynan's particular distinction was his capacity for description. I do not think that his judgments were always dependable, and I often disagreed with his aesthetic, which regarded *Raisin in the Sun* as the pinnacle of dramatic achievement, and continually urged on the British theater the ideological social realism of the American 1930s. But when it came to describing an actor's face or a dramatic exchange or a stage design, Tynan had no peer. His prose was ripe, juicy, elegant, his wit was sharp without being cruel, and he had the capacity to make his writing into the literary equivalent of a theatrical performance. Above all, he was an enthusiast, even when his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enthusiasm was negative. He was also a generous spirit—a little awestruck by genuine talent, possibly because he was so amply endowed with it himself. This gave him the reputation of being somewhat sybaritic toward the objects of his scrutiny, but it also aided his work. Although he adored gossip, it is a measure of the trust he was able to arouse that his subjects so willingly confided their lives to him. Because of these confidences, and because he never felt the need to seem superior to his material, his various profiles of Mel Brooks, Ralph Richardson, Louise Brooks, Johnny Carson, and Laurence Olivier are among the best discursive tintypes in the language.

The last time I saw Tynan was in 1973, characteristically during one of his parties—the 21st birthday celebration of his daughter Tracy. He had hired an entire theater for this marvelous affair with two or three orchestras, much entertainment, and tables buckling with splendid food. Everybody in the English theater world was there, plus lots of assorted Americans, most of them quarreling with each other. The host looked tired and drawn, but flushed with pleasure at the event. He circled the tables incessantly, wearing his purple tie, eager to make certain that all of his guests were well fed, well looked after, well entertained—eager, in other words, to ensure that, if only for a few hours, their lives might be perfect too.

Mapping a literary territory.

Travel Books

by Paul Fussell

When we cannot satisfactorily designate a kind of work with a single word (epic, novel, romance, story, novella, memoir, sonnet, sermon, essay) but must invoke two (war memoir, black autobiography, first novel, picture book, travel book) we sense we're entering complicated territory, where description, let alone definition, is hazardous, an act closer to exploration than to travel. Criticism has never quite known what to call books like these. Some commentators, perhaps recalling the illustrated travel lectures of their youth or the travel films that used to be shown as "short subjects," call them travelogues. Others, more literary, render that term travel logs, apparently thinking of literal, responsible daily diaries, like ships' logs. Even E.M. Forster is uncertain what to call these things. In 1941 he calls them travelogues, in 1949 travel books.

Let's call them travel books, and distinguish them initially from guide books, which are not autobiographical and are not sustained by a narrative exploiting the devices of fiction. A guide book is addressed to those who plan to follow the traveler, doing what he has done, but more selectively. A travel book, at its purest, is addressed to those who do not plan to follow the traveler at all, but who require the exotic or comic anomalies, wonders, and scandals of the literary form romance which their own place or time cannot entirely supply. Travel books are a sub-species of memoir in which the autobiographical narrative arises from the speaker's encounter with distant or unfamiliar data, and in which the narrative—unlike that in a novel or a romance—claims literal validity by constant reference to actuality. The speaker in any travel book exhibits himself as physically more free than the reader, and thus every such book, even when it depicts its speaker trapped in Boa Vista, is an implicit celebration of freedom. It resembles a poetic ode, an Ode to Freedom. The illusion of freedom is a precious thing in the 1920s and 1930s, when the shades of the modern prison-house are closing in, when the passports and queues and guided tours and social security numbers and customs regulations and currency controls are beginning gradually to constrict life. What makes travel books seem necessary between the wars is what Peter Fleming pointed to in *One's Company*, "that lamb-like subservience to red tape which is perhaps the most striking characteristic of modern man." Hence Norman Douglas's emphasis on the exemplary function of the travel writer's internal freedom and philosophic courage:

> It seems to me that the reader of a good travel-book is entitled not only to an exterior voyage, to descriptions of scenery and so forth, but to an interior, a sentimental or temperamental voyage, which takes place side by side with the outer one.

Thus "the ideal book of this kind" invites the reader to undertake three tours simultaneously: "abroad, into the author's brain, and into his own." It follows that "the writer should . . . possess a brain worth exploring; some philosophy of life—not necessarily, though by preference, of his own forging and the courage to proclaim it and put it to the test; he must be naif and profound, both child and sage." And if the enterprise succeeds, the reader's "brain" instinctively will adjust itself to accord in some degree with the pattern established by the author's travel, both external and internal: that is, it will experience an access of moral freedom. It is thus possible to consider the between-the-wars travel books as subtle instruments of ethics, replacing such former vehicles as sermons and essays.

A fact of modern publishing history is the virtual disappearance of the essay as a salable commodity (I mean the essay, not the "article"). If you want to raise a laugh in a publisher's office, enter with a manuscript collection of essays on all sorts of subjects. And if you want to raise an even louder laugh, contrive that your essays have a moral tendency, even if they stop short of aspiring to promulgate wisdom. The more we attend to what's going on in the travel book between the wars, the more we perceive that the genre is a device for getting published essays which, without the travel "menstruum" (as Coleridge would say) would appear too old-fashioned for generic credit, too reminiscent of Lamb and Stevenson and Chesterton. Thus the travel books of Aldous Huxley—a way of presenting learned essays which without exotic narrative support would find no audience. Thus also the performances of Douglas and of Osbert Sitwell, who, for all his defects, has thought long and hard about the essayistic element in the travel book and has coined for it the eccentric term discursion, as in his titles *Discursions*

From *Abroad: British Literary Traveling Between the Wars* by Paul Fussell© 1980 by Paul Fussell. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Oxford University Press, New York.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on Travel, Art and Life (1925) and *Winters of Content and Other Discursions on Mediterranean Art and Travel* (1950). "Discursions," he says, is

> a word of my own minting, coined from *discourse* and *discursive*, and designed to epitomize the manner in which a traveler formulates his loose impressions, as, for example, he sits in a train, looking out [the] window, and allows the sights he so rapidly glimpses, one after another, to break in upon the thread of his . . . thoughts.

Discursions, he goes on, "is an attempt . . . to find a new name for a particular kind of essay, that unites in the stream of travel . . . many very personal random reflections and sentiments. . . ." Thus in Sitwell's "travel books" we find a general essay on cabs, prompted by the cabs of Lecce, and one on the theory of bourgeois domestic architecture triggered by the sights of southern Germany. Neither essay could achieve a wide audience if detached from the sense data of the place abroad that has justified it. Alan Pryce Jones's *The Spring Journey* (1931) is a good example of a travel book which functions as a mere framework for essays. The travel is to Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Greece, but it is only a medium for inset Carlylean essays and discursive flourishes on the follies of modern education, the difference between imagination and fancy, the decay of contemporary civilization, and the superiority of music to "the other arts." An American counterpart is Hemingway's *Green Hills of Africa* (1935). Because of the public persona he has chosen, Hemingway can't plausibly write "essays" in the old schoolmasterly sense. He can get away with essays on bullfighting if he connects his learned comments with memories of toreros he has known, and thus validates his remarks as memoir. But for him to discourse professorially about history and literature would seem unnatural—stuffy, pompous, very unoutdoors. He thus lodges his major essay on the character and history of American literature, his version of D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature*, in a travel book, and presents it there as a conversation with a person encountered by chance, the character Kandinsky, an Austrian who is made to ask who the great writers are. "Tell me. Please tell me," he says, not very credibly. Hemingway responds with an essay of 1200 words, presented as dialogue, considering the merits of Poe, Melville, Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, James, Crane, and Twain. We easily remember his brilliant remark, one of the most acute critical perceptions any scholar or critic has uttered, that "all modern American literature comes from one book by Mark Twain called *Huckleberry Finn*," but we may forget that it gets uttered at all because on the African veldt "under the dining tent fly" an Austrian has asked him about American writers. It is an open-air remark, a travel, not a library, remark.

If as a form of prose fiction a "romance" is more likely than a novel to be set abroad or in an exotic place, then romance, whether "quest," picaresque, or pastoral, will suggest itself as a term to designate an indispensable element of the travel book. One could ask: aren't travel books really romances in the old sense, with the difference that the adventures are located within an actual, often famous, topography to satisfy an audience which demands it both ways—which wants to go adventuring vicariously, as it always has, but which at the same time wants to feel itself within a world declared real by such up-to-date studies as political science, sociology, anthropology, economics, and contemporary history? As in a romance, the modern traveler leaves the familiar and predictable to wander, episodically, into the unfamiliar or unknown, encountering strange adventures, and finally, after travail and ordeals, returns safely. Somehow we feel a travel book isn't wholly satisfying unless the traveler returns to his starting point: the action, as in a quest romance, must be completed.

All this is to suggest that the modern travel book is what Northrop Frye would call a myth that has been "displaced"—that is, lowered, brought down to earth, rendered credible "scientifically"—and that the myth resembles the archetypal monomyth of heroic adventure defined by Joseph Campbell. The myth of the hero, Campbell explains, is tripartite: first, the setting out, the disjunction from the familiar; second, the trials of initiation and adventure; and third, the return and the hero's reintegration into society. Even if there is no return, the monomyth still assumes tripartite form, as in *Pilgrim's Progress*, whose title page declares that the hero's "progress, from this world, to that which is to come" will be conceived in three stages: "The manner of his setting out; His Dangerous Journey; and Safe Arrival at the Desired Country." The first and last stages of the tripartite experience tend to be moments of heightened ritual or magic, even in entirely "secular" travel writings. T. S. Eliot understands this, and so does W. H. Auden. Witness stanza four of Auden's "Dover" (1937):

> The eyes of departing migrants are fixed on the sea,
> Conjuring destinies out of impersonal water:
> "I see an important decision made on a lake,
> An illness, a beard, Arabia found in a bed,
> Nanny defeated. Money."

Listening to the ship's engine as he sets out from Southampton for Spain, V. S. Pritchett writes in *Marching Spain*, "Every man who heard those sounds must have seemed to himself as great a hero as Ulysses and pitted against as mysterious a destiny, the strange destiny of the outward bound." Starting on his Brazilian adventure, Peter Fleming notices something odd which he can describe only thus: "We were through

OBSESSION

(after Rodin)

Buried, unformed: the head down in the knee's
undented space, as if it too were skin
merely, to prickle at hot and cold, not measure
any shape beyond it. All that has detail is what
is left unfinished: the quarry-rock of hair
that, over the blank spheroid, makes the cup
of an acorn, down to the slight, vestigial stem . . .
It is the thought that has held her so many months
gelled, opaque, unspeakable; to wait
in blind hope that soon—
leaving scarcely a mark, in the twinkling of an eye—
it will slip from the peculiar, perfect egg, and all
that was inside will be spelled out, root into leaf.

Alan Williamson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the looking-glass." And returning is equally full of portent and mystery. Evelyn Waugh throws his champagne glass overboard, a gesture which, he says, "has become oddly important to me," somehow "bound up with the turgid, indefinite feelings of homecooking." Fleming would suggest that the magical feeling upon returning arises from moving from a form of nonexistence back to existence, or recovering one's normal self-consciousness before one's accustomed audience. The traveler "who has for weeks or months seen himself only as a puny and irrelevant alien crawling laboriously over a country in which he has no roots and no background, suddenly [on returning] encounters his other self, a relatively solid and considerable figure, with . . . a place in the minds of certain people." Or, as Auden registers the magical act of reintegration in stanza five of "Dover,"

> Red after years of failure or bright with fame,
> The eyes of homecomers thank these historical cliffs:
> "The mirror can no longer lie nor the clock reproach;
> In the shadow under the yew, at the children's party,
> Everything must be explained."

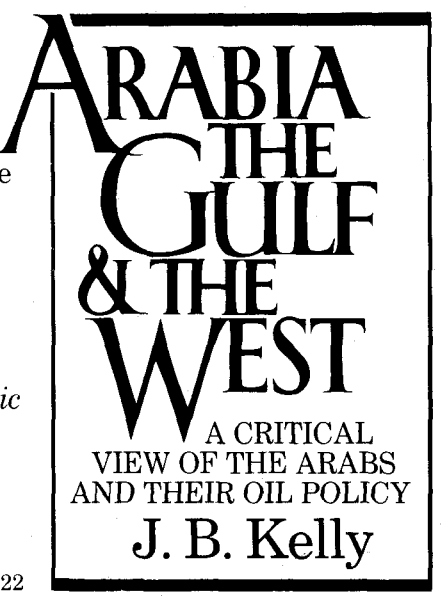
Indeed, the stages of the classic monomyth of the adventuring hero cannot avoid sketching an allegory of human life itself. As Campbell notes, the "call to adventure" is a figure for the onset of adolescence, adult life is "the travel"; old age, the "return." For the literary imagination, says Auden, "It is impossible to take a train or an airplane without having a fantasy of oneself as a Quest Hero setting off in search of an enchanted princess or the Waters of Life." That's why we enjoy reading travel books, even if we imagine we're enjoying only the curiosities of Liberia, British Guiana, Persia, or Patagonia. Even the souvenirs brought back so religiously by tourists are brought back "religiously."

But travel books are not merely displaced quest romances. They are also displaced pastoral romances. If William Empson is right to define traditional pastoral as a mode of presentation implying "a beautiful relation between rich and poor," then pastoral is a powerful element in most travel books, for, unless he's a *Wandervogel* or similar kind of layabout (few of whom write books), the traveler is almost always richer and freer than those he's among. He is both a plutocrat *pro tem* and the sort of plutocrat the natives don't mind having around. Byron and Waugh and Graham Greene hire drivers and porters and bearers and pay outrageous prices for decrepit horses and cars; Lawrence pays bus and steamer fares; Norman Douglas keeps employed numerous waiters and *sommeliers*. If the cash nexus can be considered "a beautiful relation," the behavior of these characters is like the behavior of the court class in Renaissance pastoral, and there's a closer resemblance between Sidney's *Arcadia* and a modern travel book than is obvious on the surface. Consider the D. H. Lawrence of *Twilight in Italy*, attended by his aristocratic consort. Consider the affectionate patronizing of the Persian peasants in Byron's dialogue involving "The Caliph of Rum." And it is with the pastoral strain in travel books that we can associate the implicit elegiac tendency of these works. Pastoral has built into it a natural retrograde emotion. It is instinct with elegy. To the degree that literary travel between the wars constitutes an implicit rejection of industrialism and everything implied by the concept "modern northern Europe," it is a celebration of a Golden Age, and recalling the Ideal Places of Waugh, Auden, and J. B. Priestley, we can locate that Golden Age in the middle of the preceding century. One travels to experience the past, and travel is thus an adventure in time as well as distance.

"The King's life is moving peacefully to its close," the BBC announced in January 1936, invoking for this most solemn, magical moment the root metaphor of human imaginative experience, the figure of time rendered as space. If, as this essential trope persuades us, life is a journey (to the Eliot of the *Quartets*, a never-ending one), then literary accounts of journeys take us very deeply into the center of instinctive imaginative life. Like no other kind of writing, travel books exercise and exploit the fundamental intellectual and emotional figure of thought by which the past is conceived as back and the future as forward. They manipulate the whole alliance between temporal and spatial that we use to orient ourselves in time by invoking the dimension of space. That is, travel books make more or less conscious an activity usually unconscious. Travel books are special because the metaphor they imply is so essential. Works we recognize as somehow "classical" derive much of their status and authority from their

"A policy of unbelievable foolishness, culpable irresponsibility, and addled opportunism."

In these words, noted Middle East expert J. B. Kelly, currently at Oxford University, describes U.S. actions in the Persian Gulf. He is equally blunt in his far-ranging recommendation that the willingness to use economic sanctions as well as naval and military power is essential to protecting the West's vital interests. This book offers the most current and authoritative guide to the nations of the Persian Gulf—their political regimes, their economies, and the mind-sets of their leaders. "Essential, compulsive reading."—*Publishers Weekly.* Excerpted in *The New Republic* and in *National Review.*



$25.00 at bookstores,
or direct from the publisher
BASIC BOOKS, INC.
10 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

open exploitation of this metaphor. Housman is an example:

> Into my heart an air that kills
> From yon far country blows:
> What are those blue remembered hills,
> What spires, what farms are those?
>
> That is the land of lost content,
> I see it shining plain,
> The happy highways where I went
> And cannot come again.

"When I was a young man," says Borges, "I was always hunting for new metaphors. Then I found out that good metaphors are always the same. I mean you compare time to a road, death to sleeping, life to dreaming, and those are the great metaphors in literature because they correspond to something essential."

And if living and dying are like traveling, so are reading and writing. As Michel Butor points out, the eyes of the reader "travel" along the lines of print as the reader is "guided" by the writer, as his imagination "escapes" his own I Hate It Here world. Thus in reading, of all books, a travel book, the reader becomes doubly a traveler, moving from beginning to end of the book while touring along with the literary traveler. "'O where are you going?' said reader to rider," writes Auden in the Epilogue to *The Orators* (1931). His near-rhyme implies the parallelism between reading and riding, a parallelism as suggestive as the one Cyril Connolly instinctively falls into when designating the three things his Oxford crowd in the early 1920s "had a passion for": "literature, travel, and the visual arts." And writing, as Butor perceives, is like traveling. Figures of travel occupy any writer's imagination as he starts out, makes transitions, digresses, returns, goes forward, divagates, pauses, approaches the subject from a slightly different direction, and observes things from various points of view. Thus, as Osbert Sitwell says, "to begin a book is . . . to embark on a long and perilous voyage," but to begin a travel book "doubles the sense of starting on a journey."

Thus to speak of "literary traveling" is almost a tautology, so intimately are literature and travel implicated with each other. Any child senses this, and any adult recalling his childhood remembers moments when reading was revealed to be traveling. Peter Quennell's first awareness that he had actually learned to read occurred at the age of four or five when he was looking through bound volumes of *The Boy's Own Paper* at home.

> The story I scrutinized was . . . the work of some unknown who described an African caravan, journeying to the sound of camel-bells from oasis to oasis. Suddenly, the printed words I painfully spelt out melted into a continuous narrative, whence a procession of fascinating images emerged and wound its way across my mental landscape.

Gerald Brenan's mental landscape was formed, he reports, not just by the romances of William Morris, with their "descriptions of imaginary travel," but also by Elisée Reclus's *Universal Geography* in 19 volumes, which he discovered at school. From Reclus he gathered that "foreign countries alone offered something to the imagination," and he filled notebooks with a plan for a tour of the world "which would last, with continuous traveling, some thirty years." As a boy Robin Maugham read all his uncle's short stories set in the Far East "and then determined," he says, "that one day I would visit the strange, exotic places about which he wrote. This I have done."

Names like Brenan, Quennell, and the Maughams suggest the next question: how serious artistically and intellectually can a travel book be? Is there not perhaps something in the genre that attracts second-rate talents? Certainly the travel book will have little generic prestige in today's atmosphere, where if you identify youself as a "writer," everyone instantly will assume you're a novelist. The genres with current prestige are the novel and the lyric poem, although it doesn't seem to matter that very few memorable examples of either ever appear. The status of those two kinds is largely an unearned and unexamined snob increment from late-romantic theories of imaginative art as religion-cum-metaphysics. Other kinds of works—those relegated to simple-minded categories like "the literature of fact" or "the literature of argument"—are in lower esteem artistically because the term "creative" has been widely misunderstood, enabling its votaries to vest it with magical powers. Before that word had been promoted to the highest esteem, that is, before the romantic movement, a masterpiece was conceivable in a "nonfictional" genre like historiography or memoir or the long essay or biography or the travel book. As recently as 1918 things were different. Fiction had not yet attained its current high status. *Ulysses* was waiting in the wings, not to appear until 1922. *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* had not been translated. *The Magic Mountain* hadn't been written, not to mention *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*, *The Sound and the Fury*, and *The Sun Also Rises*. In the *Century Magazine* for February 1918, Henry Seidel Canby felt obliged to plead for the dignity and importance of fiction, which, as an editorial in the *New York Times Book Review* commented, the reading public was accustomed to treat with "a certain condescension." But now a similar condescension is visited on forms thought to be nonfictional. Martin Green is one who doesn't think travel books are serious. They seem to him the natural métier of the dandy. "In *Work Suspended*," he says,

> Waugh portrayed himself as a writer of detective novels; in *Brideshead Revisited*, as a painter of English country houses; these occupations and writing travel books, were the métiers of the dandies. Notably lacking in anything large-scale, even in the dandy line—not to mention anything really serious, whether political or literary-critical.

Yet between the wars writing travel books was not at all considered incompatible with a serious literary career. And who would not find *Sea and Sardinia* a better book than *The Plumed Serpent*, Forster's *Alexandria* a better book than *Maurice*, J. R. Ackerley's *Hindoo Holiday* better than the collected novels of Hugh Walpole?

The problem for the critic is to resist the drowsy habit of laying aside his sharpest tools when he's dealing with things that don't seem to be fiction. It takes someone more like a common reader than a critic, someone like H. M. Tomlinson, to remind us of what's going on in these "nonfictional" genres. "We know that in the literature of travel our language is very rich," he writes; "yet as a rule we are satisfied with our certainty that these books exist. . . . We surmise vaguely that a book of travel must be nearly . . . all background. . . . We shrink from the threat of the vigilance it will exact; we shall have to keep all our wits about us." In short, "We have the idle way of allowing books of travel to pass without the test to which poetry must submit." That "test," we can assume, is the test both of a complicated coherence and of a subtle mediation between texture and form, data and significant shape. Like poems—and like

Coming:
Stephen Toulmin
on G. E. Moore.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any successful kind of literary performance—successful travel books effect a triumphant mediation between two different dimensions: the dimension of individual physical things on the one hand, and the dimension of universal significance on the other. The one is Coleridge's "particular"; the other, his "general." The travel book authenticates itself by the sanction of actualities—ships, trains, hotels, bizarre customs, odd people, crazy weather, startling architecture, curious food. At the same time it reaches in the opposite direction, most often to the generic convention that the traveling must be represented as something more than traveling, that it shall assume a meaning either metaphysical, psychological, artistic, religious, or political, but always ethical. A travel book is like a poem in giving universal significance to a local texture. The gross physicality of a travel book's texture should not lead us to patronize it, for the constant recourse to the locatable is its convention. Within that convention, as we have seen, there is ample room for the activities of the "fictionalizing" imagination. And an active, organic, and, if you will, "creative" mediation between fact and fiction is exactly the activity of the mind exhibited in the travel book, which Samuel Hynes has accurately perceived to be "a dual-plane work with a strong realist surface, which is yet a parable." In the 1930s, he understands correctly, two apparently separated modes of perception, reportage and fable, literal record and parable, tend to coalesce, and nowhere more interestingly than in the travel book. What distinguishes the travel books of the 1930s from earlier classics like *Eothen* or even *Arabia Deserta* is the way, Hynes says, these writers between the wars "turned their travels into interior journeys and parables of their times, making landscape and incident—the factual materials of *reportage*—do the work of symbol and myth—the materials of fable." And since the journey is "the most insistent of 'thirties metaphors, . . . one might say that the travel books simply act out, in the real world, the basic trope of the generation." Acting out a trope, like perceiving the metaphor lodging always in the literal, is the essential act of poetry. It is also the essential act of both traveling and writing about it.

The Imperiled Union: Essays on the Background of the Civil War by Kenneth M. Stampp

(Oxford University Press; $15.95)

The recent retirement of Kenneth M. Stampp as Morrison Professor of American History at the University of California, Berkeley, marks the end of an era in Civil War scholarship. When Stampp started his graduate work in the 1930s, some of the best historical minds in the country were beginning to focus on American sectional conflict. Douglas Southall Freeman was about to publish his magisterial four-volume life of Robert E. Lee, and Carl Sandburg was hard at work on his vast, moving portrait of Abraham Lincoln. In the universities Avery Craven at Chicago was polishing his argument that the Civil War could have been avoided, J. G. Randall at Illinois was deep into the research for his masterful *Lincoln the President*, Paul H. Buck at Harvard was surveying the rugged *Road to Reunion*, and Allan Nevins at Columbia was beginning work on his eight-volume *Ordeal of the Union*. At the University of Wisconsin, where Stampp studied, William B. Hesseltine prodded his students to question every generalization about the Civil War and Reconstruction.

Like so many of the best graduate students of the 1930s and 1940s, Stampp came to think of the Civil War as the central experience in American history. An impressive number of his contemporaries wrote their first books about aspects of the sectional crisis. A very incomplete list would include Richard N. Current, Don E. Fehrenbacher, John Hope Franklin, Frank B. Freidel, David M. Potter, Bernard A. Weisberger, Bell I. Wiley, and T. Harry Williams. Others, Like C. Vann Woodward, who did not write much about the Civil War, inspired numerous doctoral dissertations on both antebellum and Reconstruction topics. But now Potter, Wiley, and Williams are dead; Franklin, Woodward, and Stampp have retired; and many of the others have turned their research interests to other fields.

It is, then, time to evaluate the accomplishments of two gifted generations of Civil War historians, and the publication of *The Imperiled Union*, a collection of Stampp's essays written between 1945 and the present, provides a suitable occasion for such an appraisal. First it should be stressed that, whatever their differences in interpretation, all these historians were believers in the value of laborious, exhaustive research in the most contemporaneous accounts of the Civil War era. Probably no other historian has ever consulted so many collections of private papers, so many files of newspapers, as did Allan Nevins. It would be hard to point out a collection of pertinent manuscripts that J. G. Randall overlooked. With his elders Stampp shared this passion for research. Before writing *The Peculiar Institution*, his careful 1956 study of slavery, he examined virtually every collection of slaveowners' records.

Like their mentors, members of Stampp's generation of Civil War scholars generally regarded history as a literary, not a scientific, discipline. Their first concern was not to draw generalizations but to recapture the actuality of past experience—how things looked, felt, sounded, smelled. Often they were more interested in accounting for the actions of individuals or small groups than in describing broad historical trends or forces. Some of their best work was biographical, and it is worth noting that the most persuasive, the most fully realized, essay in *The Imperiled Union* is Stampp's close, credible account of "Lincoln and the Secession Crisis."

Methodologically most of these historians were conservative. To be sure, Craven, Randall, and Nevins occasionally interjected terms borrowed from psychiatry, especially when describing men and groups whose actions they disapproved of, and Potter, in books that did not deal with the Civil War, displayed a broad knowledge of sociological theory. But on the whole these historians did not try to derive concepts from other disciplines, and when they did they never seemed quite comfortable in their borrowed learning. No more is Stampp. In "The Southern

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Road to Appomattox" he suggests that the defeat of the Confederacy was attributable to a southern identity crisis and to repressed guilt over slaveholding, but his venture into psychohistory seems half-hearted, even perfunctory.

Nearly all these historians were actively hostile to the ideas and methods of economists. Part of that aversion, no doubt, stemmed from the understandable tendency to equate economics with an economic interpretation of history. If there was one thing that Civil War historians both of Stampp's generation and of the generation that preceded them agreed on, it was in rejecting Charles A. Beard's view of the conflict as a "Second American Revolution," which arose from the antagonistic economic interests of the agricultural south and the industrializing north. Speaking for his whole generation, Stampp declares that there was "no compelling reason why the divergent economies of the North and South should have led to disunion and civil war"; rather, there were "stronger practical reasons why the sections, whose economies neatly complemented each other, should have found it advantageous to remain united."

But these historians had a more basic objection to the use of economic theory and of econometric techniques. They felt that these methods dehumanized history. In a long essay on Robert W. Fogel's and Stanley Engerman's *Time on the Cross*, Stampp left largely to other scholars criticisms of the methods, data base, and documentation used in this controversial econometric study of slavery. After correctly chiding Fogel and Engerman for distorting the work of previous historians on slavery, Stampp objected to their book mainly because it "seldom gave readers a glimpse of real slaves and masters, only of disembodied abstractions and statistical averages."

Finally, members of these two great generations of Civil War historians usually have been judgmental. They saw their role as that of a college president at a commencement, awarding honors to some historical personages, bare passes to more, and flat failures to others. If history is philosophy teaching by example, praise and blame had to be meted out. Sometimes, as with David M. Potter, that gentlest of historians, censure was allocated reluctantly; sometimes, as in Don Fehrenbacher's final verdict on the mind and heart of Chief Justice Taney, it was given with fierce relish.

Stampp himself has always stood as a historian holding the scales of justice. In his first book, *Indiana Politics During the Civil War* (1949), he soundly berated the Republican governor of that state for branding his political opponents, who had legitimate social and economic grievances, as disloyal Copperheads. *The Peculiar Institution* drew up a balance sheet on the southern slave system and found its assets greatly inferior to its debits of brutality and exploitation. In *The Era of Reconstruction* (1965) Stampp condemned Andrew Johnson as a weak, vacillating politician and praised the often maligned Radical Republicans for their "genuine desire to do justice to the Negro."

On many issues the judgments of Civil War historians of Stampp's generation have differed, but on one there has been a unanimous verdict: preservation of the Union was a good thing. Consequently they made extensive efforts to identify the people and forces that tried to break up the Union and, hence, precipitated the Civil War. A very extensive literature has grown up on this subject, and in one of the best of his essays, "The Irrepressible Conflict," Stampp gives it a close, critical scrutiny. As usual, Stampp's analysis is clear and surgically precise. Reading his pages is rather like looking at a distant star through a small telescope: the twinkling mystery vanishes but the hard, cold, and sometimes barren reality is revealed. It is difficult to believe that any subsequent historian will improve upon Stampp's masterful review of these controversial and conflicting theories of Civil War causation.

But at midpoint Stampp's own essay takes an unexpected turn. Leaving behind the causes of the Civil War, he asks whether the conflict was avoidable. He argues that it was—if the south avoided "aggressively proslavery postures," adopted modest reforms, agreed to confine the peculiar institution to the states where it existed before 1845, and exhibited "open-mindedness to moderate proposals for manumission." But since "economic interests, racial beliefs, and fear of slave insurrections" kept the southerners from making any such concessions, Stampp concludes that by the 1850s it was "almost impossible to avoid a violent resolution of the sectional crisis."

No doubt there is much to be said for this argument, but by shifting focus Stampp has missed an opportunity to initiate a fresh discussion of Civil War causation. There are hints that, had he stuck to his topic, he might have offered

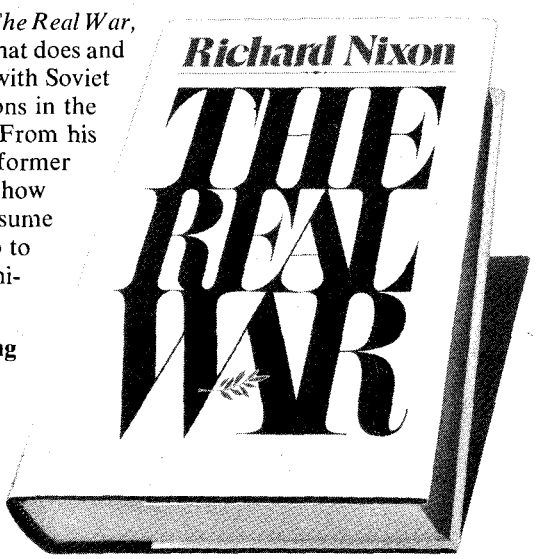
THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER

"World War III Has Begun, And We Are Losing It..."

–Richard Nixon

But the West *can* win. In *The Real War*, Richard Nixon analyzes what does and does not work in dealing with Soviet leaders and heads of nations in the path of Soviet ambitions. From his unique perspective as the former chief executive, he details how the United States must assume a role of global leadership to make sure the war of annihilation can never happen.

- 170,000 copy first printing
- A Selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club
- Rights Already sold in 30 countries



WARNER BOOKS

$12.50 AVAILABLE AT ALL BOOKSTORES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a new approach to resolving this vexed question. His opening essay, "The Concept of a Perpetual Union," reveals the relatively late origin of the idea that the Union was indissoluble. The founding fathers, as Stampp shows, left to posterity the question whether a member state could secede at will, and as late as the 1820s the prevailing view was still that the Union was "an experiment, albeit one that had already shown much promise of success."

From this beginning Stampp might have gone on to recognize that, down to the outbreak of the Civil War, the United States was not a nation in any modern sense of the word. Instead, as late as the 1850s, it was much like the Germanic Confederation created after the Napoleonic Wars. In both cases there were strong regional subcultures. As Frederick Jackson Turner observed many years ago, the sections of the United States—the lower south, the Ohio Valley, the middle west, the mid-Atlantic region, and New England—were "the shadowy images of European nations." Had Turner been writing today, he doubtless would have included other subcultures: Afro-Americans, the inhabitants of Appalachia, the Native Americans, the Hispanic settlers of the southwest. These groups were all different, historically, economically, and socially. Yet as long as the central government exercised only minimal functions—defense against external opponents, collection of tariff duties, and distribution of the mails—they could and did coexist in the same Union, much as did Bavaria and Prussia in the Germanic Confederation.

If American history is viewed from this perspective, the basic question then becomes not what caused the break-up in 1860-61 of a long-established nation but what forces between about 1830 and 1860 worked for the creation of a new, different, and far more centralized Union through an increase in the size and functions of the federal government. In order to understand why the south seceded, we need to know first why the United States was being transformed slowly from a confederation into a nation. The study of that transformation should be the first item on the agenda of the next generation of Civil War historians.

David Herbert Donald

David Herbert Donald is chairman of the American Civilization program at Harvard University.

The Complete Poems of Marianne Moore
by Marianne Moore

(Macmillan/Viking; $15.95)

In an essay called "An Afternoon with Marianne Moore," Marguerite Young, a friend of the poet's, explains the genesis of one of Moore's best-known poems, "Nevertheless." Miss Moore was cleaning strawberries when she came upon a misshapen one, green, riddled with seeds, and declared, "Here's a strawberry that's had quite a struggle"—the opening lines, with tiny modifications, of the poem. This vignette is emblematic of two of Moore's peculiar gifts. It was like her to infuse the natural world with a sense of human willfulness, and like her also to derive moral sustenance from nature. She took as heroes—a word she used with unabashed frequency—not only people but a variety of flora and fauna: the desert rat that "honors the sand by assuming its color," the frigate pelican that "hides in the height and in the majestic display of his art," the tenacious prickly-pear "clinging to barbed wire."

Poets tend, like lottery winners, to emerge from unlikely walks of life, but Miss Moore nonetheless seems an especially unlikely major poet. She was born in a St. Louis suburb in 1887, daughter to a failed engineer, granddaughter and sister to two Presbyterian ministers. In 1905 she entered Bryn Mawr, where she flunked German and twice flunked Italian—hardly what one would have expected of a future translator of La Fontaine. Her grades were so poor that for some time she was not permitted to take English electives. She traveled little after college, and lived most of her life quietly with her mother. When asked at the age of 72 at what point poetry had become world-shaking to her, she replied, "Never!"

The unlikeliness of her background is surpassed by the unlikeliness of her poetry. In even her earliest poems it is notoriously difficult to glean the influences on her work. The cool and often prosaic language, the interlaced quotations from obscure books, newspaper ads, scientific reports, the use of titles as first lines, the odd, intricate stanzaic configurations—these and many other traits created a mutant strain in English-language verse not easily tracked to its genetic forebears.

The recently re-released *Complete Poems*, indispensable and handsome though it is, does not present the entirety its title promises. Moore

photo of Marianne Moore by George Platt-Lynes

puzzlingly excised a number of fine poems, particularly those from the early *Observations* (1924). She truncated others ("Poetry," with its "'imaginary gardens with real toads in them'" is lopped from 29 lines to three), and in others (notably "He 'Digesteth Harde Yron'") her revisions seem almost a perverse vandalization of earlier work.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since T. S. Eliot said that Moore's poems "form part of the small body of durable poetry written in our time," a judgment that succeeding years and Moore's later poems have vindicated. Poets of every era are, in Shakespeare's phrase, "all in war with time," a war which necessarily produces few winners. Because Marianne Moore is one such winner (and hence does not ask, as most poets ultimately must, for our sympathy), her critics can in fairness be severe with her—and much in her poems invites severity.

She could be cloyingly whimsical. Her characteristic obliquity, which often

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

took the form of curious negatives ("unperfunctoriness," "unpugnacious," "unparticularities," "unwavy") can seem fussily over-protective, evoking the image of an elderly woman who secures each door with a dozen locks. Many of her poems ("The Buffalo," "Efforts of Affection") lie beneath a mist that, maddeningly, does not burn off with repeated rereadings. Her lengthy notes to the poems, which constitute nearly 15 percent of the entire volume, are themselves often befuddling and incomplete and in a couple of cases, surely through oversight, include references to passages deleted years before. She punctuated lavishly and freakishly, embogging her lines in unnecessary commas and dashes.

That her verse is as instructive and inspiriting as it is, given these considerable shortcomings, attests to the immensity of her gifts. Her most conspicuous talent was a preternaturally keen eye, which in combination with a mind adept at analogy yielded images at once exact and fanciful—an ostrich whose neck moves "with compass-needle nervousness," a moth "with backgammonboard wedges interlacing on the wing." She invented her own sort of music, a subtle weaving of tones—measured dissonances, quiet repetitions, rhymes and off rhymes, unstressed and internal rhymes. She had a flair for ear-pleasing pairings: "felicitous phenomenon," "inspecting unexpectedly," "conscientious inconsistency." She mastered, as few poets ever do, the handling of musical excess. Many of her poems illustrate the principle that whereas two alliterative sounds in proximity may be pleasing, and three or four seem a surfeit, five or six, if manipulated skillfully, possess their own brazen appeal (as in her "toward the trim trio on the tree stem"). She stacked rhyme upon rhyme fearlessly. Each of the 52 lines of "To Victor Hugo of My Crow Pluto" ends in an *o* or *oo* or *ow* sound; 17 of the 19 lines of "To a Giraffe" end in *ls*.

A rarefied ear and a pinpointing eye, linked with a profoundly moral love of nature (Wallace Stevens once said of her, "some question of integrity enters into everything she does and is decisive of it for her") made her an ideal celebrant of zoological oddities. She was especially fond of armored animals (pangolins, crabs, nautiluses) and of the figuratively armored as well: the captive elephant who meets new indignities with stoicism, the skeptical ostrich, the "unwed" arctic ox. Much of her charm lies in the abruptness of the leaps from concrete detail to moral surmise and back again, as in the ending to "Nevertheless":

> Victory won't come
> to me unless I go
> to it; a grape tendril
> ties a knot in knots till
> knotted thirty times—so
> the bound twig that's under-
> gone and over-gone, can't stir.
> The weak overcomes its
> menace, the strong over-
> comes itself. What is there
> like fortitude! What sap
> went through that little thread
> to make the cherry red!

In these 13 lines the leapings become progressively exuberant, until the abstract and the sharp-hued concrete are linked by a heady pair of exclamation points.

Leapings of another sort, into a strange marine environment, characterize some of her best poems ("The Fish," "The Plumet Basilisk," "A Grave"). Moore's sea is a perilous place ("a well excavated grave"), but in the "sea-serpented regions/'unlit by the half-lights of more conscious art'" one may catch glimpses of mystery, of a "beautiful element of unreason."

Marianne Moore was fond of those mythical beasts like the chimera or griffin that are amalgams of actual creatures. She was constantly turning everyday animals into fabulous hybrids. Thus, a cat has "alligator-eyes," a mockingbird "penguin eyes," a buffalo a "snake tail"; an ostrich has a "comic duckling head on its great neck" and a bowerbird is "fawn-breasted." She was something of a griffin herself, this eccentric woman who was recruited by the Ford Motor Company to help name the Edsel (among her suggestions, the Mongoose Civique and the Utopian Turtletop); this eclectic eulogist who addressed the Brooklyn Dodgers, Molière, and Santa Claus; this witty ironist who sounded the numinous "sea-serpented regions"; this avant-garde modernist who praised modestly but enduringly the old-fashioned virtues of courage, forbearance, and honor.

Brad Leithauser

Brad Leithauser is a writer and poet.

Freud: The Man and the Cause by Ronald W. Clark

(Random House; $19.95)

Shrinking History: On Freud and the Failure of Psychohistory by David Stannard

(Oxford University Press; $12.95)

Ronald Clark has written an admirably clear and complete account of the life of Sigismund Freud (1856-1939) and of the early years of the psychoanalytic movement. His perspective on Freud's thought, however, is a rather narrow one, and this has the unhappy effect of making his subject seem more ambitious than great and to be driven more by the desire for victory than for truth. Perhaps this, as well as the faintly debunking tone of Clark's otherwise fair-minded book, is what comes of treating psychoanalysis as Freud wanted it to be treated, that is as a science instead of as a form of moral thought which may not lend itself to scientific proof but which does meet the sovereign test of moral speculation: that in its complexity and difficulty it be adequate to the complexity and difficulty of human life.

David Stannard shares Mr. Clark's perspective and would condemn that judgment as a species of mysticism. His book devastates the pretensions of psychohistory and in the course of doing that mounts an out and out attack on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

psychoanalysis as a theory and a therapy. I think he throws out a promising but by no means spotless baby with the bath water, but his indictment is precise and discriminating and therefore cogent. In fact, within their limits, both books are very ably and intelligently done.

Ronald Clark begins with a mystery. Freud, he conjectures, may have had a shadowy second mother. Freud attributed such a mother to Leonardo da Vinci in the first and most risibly wrong-headed instance of that offense against reason known as psychohistory, and it may be—anything may be once one begins this kind of low-grade fiction—that he was influenced by his own childhood in doing so. The story is gnarled but fascinating.

In Vienna in 1855 a marriage took place between Jacob Freud, a dealer in woolens, and Amalie Nathanson, whose main achievement is that she produced a son of genius. Jacob lived in Freiberg, which was a small town near the border with Poland and is one today, only it now belongs to Czechoslovakia and its name is Příbor. To Freiberg he brought his bride, and there, on May 6, 1856, Sigismund Freud was born. For Jacob it was son number three, for he already had two grown sons by his first wife, from whom he had long been separated.

Not only was it son number three; it, or rather Amalie, was wife number three, or so records discovered recently strongly suggest. The Catholic authorities of Freiberg kept a roll of the Jews in their town against the day when they might need a pogrom to divert themselves, and on this roll for the year 1852 Jacob Freud's wife is listed as "Rebecca." Freud apparently never mentioned her, not even to *his* sole wife, Martha. It is possible that Freud never heard of her, but that's the kind of skepticism that spoils a good story and Clark will have none of it. If the Freiberg records are correct and there really was a Rebecca, who may have been barren and so dismissable under Jewish law, then Freud's older brothers must certainly have known of her existence and would presumably have mentioned her to their younger brother. Somehow, whether through his brothers, his mother, or a neighbor, Clark thinks that Freud learned of Rebecca—who knows, may even have felt the wistful touch of her hand upon his impressionable brow—but that he repressed his knowledge of her out of filial piety. Rebecca may thus have been an incubus pressing for admittance to his mind all his life. She may have been the first thought that the discoverer of repression repressed. It may indeed have been her presence there on the rim of his consciousness that made him alive to the centrality of repression in the history of all minds. The observer, Mr. Clark reminds us, changes what he observes in the act of observing it, and this holds as true for psychoanalysis as for physics. This line of inquiry reduces psychoanalysis to the science of Freud's mind and Freud's epigones don't like it for that reason. But it is precisely the kind of speculation Freud himself reveled in, and it is surely a nice stroke to begin a life of Freud with a Freudian ploy.

Two incidents in Freud's early years throw light on the biography of notions that are now, as Lionel Trilling has said, "the slang of our culture." One plays a part in a canonical dream, and it would not be too much to call the other the aboriginal primal scene, since it involves a memory of something that happened to Freud when he was a budding little Oedipus. Just picture it: Freud recollects entering his parents' bedroom from curiosity—and being ordered out by an angry father. But the comedy of that, for us at any rate, is tame next to the Woody Allen quality of the other incident in which Sigismund is caught urinating in his parents' bedroom—in there again?—and chastised by Jacob in the inevitable malediction: "This boy will come to nothing!"

Years later, Freud got back at his father for that humiliating reproof. Being Freud, his vengeance took the form of a dream. He expounds on it at length in *The Interpretation of Dreams* (1900) where it is called the "Revolutionary Dream." In the last scene of this dubiously transparent fantasy Freud is standing alone on the platform of a railway station; beside him is a blind old man who needs help with a urinal. Dr. Freud does help him. And suddenly he sees who this man is—his recently deceased father. The scene is a reversal of the childhood incident; now it is Freud who has the upper hand. "As though," he writes, "I wanted to say, you see I *have* come to something."

It is worth pausing over this dream, for, in the view of the historian Carl Schorske, it is of more than biographical significance. In a brilliant essay, "Politics and Patricide in Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams*" (it forms one of the chapters in his recent book, *Fin De Siècle Vienna*), Professor Schorske argues that anger at the father in this dream is substituting for radical political anger, which is directed in the first instance at the man who touched off the dream when he imperiously brushed past Freud on a railway platform. The man was Count Thun, at that time the chief minister of the Austrian government. Ultimately, though, Freud's anger was directed at the reactionary social forces Count Thun represented and which by 1900 had given Vienna an anti-Semitic mayor. Freud himself had set out for a career in politics, perhaps moved by the wish to avenge his father for the taunts he had suffered on account of his religion. A wandering minstrel in the Prater had even prophesied that Freud would grow up to be a great "minister," like Count Thun. In college Freud switched from law to medicine—decided to become a different kind of minister. But perhaps psychoanalysis was his revenge after all: on politics, not on the reactionaries and anti-Semites. "As the father replaces the prime minister on the station platform, patricide replaces politics." Schorske concludes:

> The brilliant, lonely, painful discovery of psychoanalysis . . . was a counter-political triumph of the first magnitude. By reducing his own political past and present to an epiphenomenal status in relation to the primal conflict between father and son, Freud gave his fellow liberals an ahistorical theory of man and society that could make bearable a political world spun out of orbit and beyond control.

This provocative idea finds resonance in later arguments that psychoanalysis and the therapeutic climate it has sponsored induce political passivity, a willingness to let the powers that be alone while one gets in touch with oneself. It is also reflected in Freud's later conduct as related by Clark. In September 1916, when the World War had been on for two years, we find Freud reassuring his daughter Sophie that all will soon be well for "Hindenburg has just said that our prospects are good." Freud is not to be faulted for being a patriot; but what has happened to the young radical who, at his high school graduation, refused to doff his cap to the emperor? It is sad to see this great unmasker speaking of Hindenburg in this filial, trusting, too credulous way. But perhaps this is what happens when you empty the political realm of all autonomous meaning, when you reduce it to an aspect of the family romance. By contrast, the subject of Mr. Clark's last book, Einstein, saw through the gran-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diose myths surrounding the war and denounced it for the slaughter it was.

Clark's account of Freud's young manhood emphasizes two themes: Freud's extraordinary ambition and his fierce ethnic loyalties. The ambition owed much to his mother. As Freud was to write, "If a man has been his mother's undisputed darling he retains throughout life the triumphant feeling, the confidence in success, which not seldom brings actual success with it." He was the apple of her eye. If he complained that a sister—he had five: four were to die in Hitler's gas chambers—was making too much noise at the piano, then the piano had to go. He had an oil lamp; the girls made do with candles. As for his ethnic feelings, their strength may be indicated by the fact that he chose Easter Sunday—why not Christmas?—as the day on which to open his medical practice; that he changed his name to Sigmund because Sigismund figured in Vienna's favorite anti-Semitic joke; that he sent an autographed copy of his *Interpretation of Dreams* to Theodor Herzl; and that throughout his career, he refused to accept royalties for Hebrew translations of his work. This incipient Zionism, if that is what it was, tells somewhat against the anti-political case made earlier. It also suggests that the Revolutionary Dream represented just one strand of Freud's complex feeling toward his father and his father's faith.

After graduating from medical school in the early 1880s, Freud married Martha Bernays and embarked on a medical practice that, while never lucrative, enabled him to raise a family of three boys and three girls, to vacation every summer in the mountains, to fill his consulting room with an impressive collection of objets d'art from antiquity, and, of course, to support his addiction to cigars, which he consumed at the rate of 20 per day and thought vital to his late night stints of thinking and writing. Clark is much better on Freud's failures during these years than on his triumphs. Thus he gives a thorough account of the controversy provoked by Freud's researches with cocaine, but makes comparatively little of the self-analysis Freud conducted in the 1890s, which led to the discovery of the Oedipal feelings revealed in the Revolutionary Dream.

In his biography of Freud, by contrast, Ernest Jones treats the analysis as an undertaking of high drama and great daring. Clark seems to think that Freud discovered the paramountcy of the unconscious mind by observing his hysterical patients, whereas Jones leaves the impression that this key doctrine of psychoanalysis rests as much on self-discovery as on clinical observation. Again, while Clark emphasizes the lapse in scientific ethics involved in Freud's failure to abandon publicly the seduction theory of hysteria after he had ceased to believe in it privately, Jones makes us feel Freud's bafflement, disappointment, and final elation as he makes the epochal discovery that reality has two planes, the physical and psychological; so that his patients, Freud concluded, were not suffering from "reminiscences" of actual parental seductions, as he had incautiously maintained in a public lecture, but from a fantasy of such seductions, from a wish they had repressed only to have it surface in a physical symptom. For Jones the abandonment of the seduction theory is an event in the history of Western consciousness. Clark, more detached (Jones was a disciple of Freud's), emphasizes Freud's unscientific dogmatism, his iron faith that his theory was right even if the evidence contradicted it. Two examples, then, of the way Clark portrays Freud as the conquistador of a cause rather than the grave Columbus of the mind who moves through the pages of Jones.

If Jones's heroizing perspective makes Freud a memorable literary creation during the years of his self-analysis, Clark, who has written biographies of the Huxleys, J. B. S. Haldane, and Bertrand Russell is superb at evoking Freud in his character as the general of a scientific movement. Freud, he reminds us, was not only the Darwin of psychoanalysis; he was its Huxley too. Thus we see him in the years from 1900, when his professional isolation was behind him, to 1912, when he broke with Carl Jung, securing a degree of mental conformity from his followers that is unique in the history of science but that is paralleled through these very years by the doctrinal discipline Lenin was exacting from his followers in the Bolshevik party. First Freud suppresses the left-wing deviationism of Alfred Adler—the reduction of sexuality to the desire for social power. Then, as if waking from a dream, he recognizes the danger of the right-wing deviationism of Jung—the reduction of sexuality to a general spirituality—and breaks with the man who was to have been *his* Huxley. Psychoanalysis met with a good deal of resistance, though perhaps not so much as Freud, with his penchant for self-dramatization, later claimed, but by 1914 it had representatives in America, England, and throughout Europe. There was even talk in that year of a Nobel Prize for Freud.

It was World War I that brought psychoanalysis into prominence not merely as a speculative theory of human nature but as a humane means of treating shell-shocked soldiers. Freud, however, could take no delight from the success of his cause, for, with two sons in the Austrian forces and an embargo placed on his wealthy American patients, the war years were a time of anxiety and deprivation. From this time until Freud's death in 1939, Clark's narrative is too cool and distant for my taste. I missed the agony and pathos of Jones's version of these years—with Freud reeling from the loss of his daughter and his beloved grandson; then enduring 16 years of pain and disfigurement from cancer of the mouth and jaw; and finally, a dying man of 81, being harried by the Nazis out of his home, and the possessions and comforts of a lifetime. Clark relates such facts as that Freud had 30 separate operations on his mouth during these years, but he fails to render the indomitable figure of Freud Agonistes. Nor does he give anything like an adequate account of the major revision in psychoanalytic theory which Freud began after the war, partly as a result of what he had learned from the troubled dreams of the war veterans. These revisions are far too complex for me to summarize here; it is enough to say that they deepened Freud's picture of the mind immeasurably and involved it in a series of paradoxical formulations that make Freud one of the dark moralists of our condition. Clark, with his exclusively scientific focus, sees none of this. Where, after all, is the id? That is the spirit of his commentary. What is missing from this competent life is the tragic note in the life and in the work of Sigmund Freud.

If the presiding philosophical spirit behind Ronald Clark's critique of Freud is Sir Karl Popper, who holds that psychoanalysis has meager claims to being a science since its core ideas—that there is an unconscious, for example—are non-testable and so non-refutable, then the heavyweight of David Stan-

Coming:
Mark Harris on
E.L. Doctorow's new novel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nard's book is the Nobel Prize-winning scientist P. D. Medawar, who has dismissed psychoanalysis as "the most stupendous intellectual confidence trick of the 20th century." Stannard's book is far more ambitious than its title suggests, for in order to demonstrate the absurdity of psychohistory, he first advances arguments of weight and merit against psychoanalysis itself. "It is the premise of this book," he writes, "that the best possible psychohistory would still be bad history because of the limitations imposed by the weaknesses of the underlying theoretical structure."

Beginning with an accurate and damning examination of the errors of fact, logic, and theory in the first psychohistory, Freud's *Leonardo da Vinci and a Memory of his Childhood*, Stannard goes on to expose similar gaffes in works by Erik Erikson, Michael Paul Rogin, Fawn Brodie, and others. The Fawn Brodie example illustrates the "problem of culture" that confronts psychohistory—namely that the past is a wholly different world from ours, a world full of meanings that have been lost to us. Brodie stumbles over this problem in her psychohistory of Thomas Jefferson when she compares journal entries Jefferson made during a trip before he met the mulatto slave Sally Hemmings with entries made on a trip to Holland *after* he had met Sally. In the earlier version the world "mulatto" appears once; in the Holland journal there are eight references to the color of the land as mulatto. Brodie takes the latter as evidence of Jefferson's preoccupation with the "forbidden woman." But this speculation founders on the rock of culture, for, as Garry Wills pointed out in his review of the book, the word "mulatto" was widely used by 18th-century Americans to describe the color of the soil. If Jefferson used it more in the Holland journal than in his journal for the earlier journey, Sally was not the reason. "The trips covered substantially different terrains and the soils were *in fact* different colors."

In a chapter on the efficacy of psychoanalysis as a therapy for neurosis, Stannard cites the discouraging results of a 1952 study by Hans J. Eysenck. In a sample of 7,000 patients Eysenck found that the rate of recovery from "spontaneous remission" was higher than that from psychotherapy. "Psychotherapy, and particularly psychoanalysis, appeared in fact to be a danger to mental health, its main effect iatrogenic—a term used to describe illness caused by medical care." Freud's own batting average was no better than the therapists in Eysenck's study, for as "a rather friendly large scale survey of psychoanalytic theory and therapy" concludes, "Freud chose to demonstrate the utility of psychoanalysis through descriptions of largely unsuccessful cases." Stannard marshalls a host of other evidence all tending toward the same conclusion: that psychoanalysis has the same therapeutic efficacy as jogging therapy. This may be less the fault of psychoanalysis, however, and more a tribute to the tenacious grip of neurosis. Freud's descriptions of the mind's troubles are always more compelling than his prescriptions for its cure, and the later Freud of such papers as "The Ego and the Id" and "Analysis Terminable and Interminable" would hardly be surprised at Eysenck's melancholy findings. Like Clark, Stannard takes his idea of Freud's thought from the early case histories and not from the dark metapsychology of the postwar years.

Chapters follow on the "problems" of logic, theory, and culture in psychoanalysis. The chief logical problem is the "post hoc, ergo propter hoc" fallacy. This "describes the error built on the assumption that if Event B followed Event A, then B must have happened because of A." Psychohistorians introduce a new error into this formula: they invent Event A, whether it be Leonardo's missing mother, or Luther's alleged "fit in the choir," or Mr. Clark's little scenario about the influence of the mysterious Rebecca on Freud's mind. One of the problems of psychoanalytic theory is nicely illustrated by Karl Popper's objection that the Oedipus complex should really be called "the Oedipus effect," since it is a product of suggestion on the part of the analyst. As Clark's biography bears out, this was one of the earliest charges leveled against psychoanalysis, and with good reason: Freud was a shameless suggester. Lastly, the problem of culture. As we have seen, this entails the assumption that "different generations were essentially different from us," and that, consequently, explanatory categories developed in the 20th century are a source of darkness, not of light, in trying to understand the past. Would Mr. Stannard apply that to Marx? To Max Weber?

Stannard's book is very sound, if a little sweeping in its judgments. Ironically, the strongest objections he raises to psychohistory come from several analysts. Their point: that the "data" used in psychoanalysis are the words of the patient in free association and the resistance he develops to analysis and to the person of the analyst. Since it is patently impossible to maintain these complex relations with the dead, psychohistory is impossible. We already knew that the sort of psychohistory that attributes a man's historical character to his toilet training was an absurdity; Stannard's achievement is to make the whole enterprise appear irretrievably dubious.

Jack Beatty

Brief Reviews

Finding a Girl in America by Andre Dubus

(David R. Godine; $10.95)

Andre Dubus's new collection of stories, *Finding a Girl in America*, is inhabited by divorced men and their bewildered offspring, aspiring baseball players, maladjusted marine sergeants, lonely cocktail waitresses, and murderers. All seek catharsis, an escape from remorse and from the pain others have inflicted upon them, some by plunging into the sea or taking solitary runs along country roads, some by seeking out new love affairs, and some by kicking or stabbing people to death. Dubus's voice can be entrancing as it evokes a hazy romanticism or intimates lurking violence, but too often these stories lapse into sloppy sentimentality. Dubus takes his characters as seriously as they take themselves and the cumulative effect of all this earnestness is oppressive.

There is a tension in the stories between the atmosphere created—dreamlike and sensual—and the jarring experiences portrayed. This tension can be troubling, as in Part One, where the stories contain a blend of yearning eroticism and brutality. In "Townies" Mike's spoiled college girl friend rebuffs him unexpectedly one night as they sit talking in a bar. She walks off, he finishes her drink and follows her out into the snow. He grabs her and throws her to the ground, kicking her viciously as he relives their intimate encounters in her dorm room. Almost absentmindedly, he looks down at her bunched up parka, her red-splotched cheek, and realizes he's killed her. "Something about the silence of the night, and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way her body yielded to his boot." The story's point of view alternates between Mike's jaded perspective and that of the old campus security guard who finds the body, a towny who has spent most of his life watching the college girls from afar, enraptured by their smells, by their sexuality, by the idea of their inaccessibility.

But these stories are simply morose more often than they are disturbing. Dubus's characters are mostly men who recently have suffered through failed relationships with women. "The Winter Father," "The Pitcher," and "Finding a Girl in America" all portray the disorientation of men suddenly separated from their wives. "The Winter Father" and "The Pitcher" do so quite movingly, one concentrating upon the father's strained and fumbling domestic relations with his children following his divorce, the other on the pitcher's startled awakening to his wife's hatred. But the novella, "Finding a Girl in America," failed to move me to anything except exasperation.

Hank Allison, the protagonist of the story, is a character already familiar to readers of Dubus's stories from earlier collections, "We Don't Live Here Anymore" (*Separate Flights*) and "Adultery" (*Adultery and Other Choices*). He has not aged well. He is preoccupied (although he insists he isn't) by his flabby midsection and spreading bald spot and by "the fettered way he is thirty-five." He takes tequila and grapefruit juice and 19-year-old co-eds to bed with him. He is a boozy professor and novelist who "rarely thinks. He works on instincts and tries to articulate them." When Lori, one of his co-eds, tells him that Monica (her best friend and his former lover) was pregnant and aborted Hank's baby, he runs to the bathroom where he vomits, cries in a wrenching, manly way, and presses both palms against the wall in despair. Despite the implicit affinity Dubus himself feels for Hank Allison, he fails to convince us that this self-indulgent bore really can feel much about anything except his writing and his sex life.

What has happened to Louise, the fat girl of *Adultery and Other Choices*? Or to the sinning Catholic schoolboy of *Separate Flights*? Or to the harried housewives Dubus scrutinized in those collections with irony as well as compassion? Unlike much of his earlier work, which skirted melodrama by maintaining a distance from the characters' traumas, *Finding a Girl in America* lacks humor and the stories strike a uniform, insistently dismal refrain. This narrowness of vision is all the more disappointing in a writer whose previous stories showed thematic variety and a vigorous imagination.

Dorothy Wickenden

The Imperfect Diamond by Lee Lowenfish and Tony Lupien

(Stein and Day; $12.95)

In baseball's early days second-string players often had to retrieve foul balls in the stands and sweep the park after the game. Two of baseball's stingy "magnates and moguls" displayed their typical generosity when the Philadelphia Athletics asked Jimmy Foxx to accept a pay cut in 1932 and the New York Yankees refused to give Lou Gehrig a pay hike in 1934—even though both had won Triple Crowns (league leader in Home Runs, Batting Average, Runs Batted In)! For over 90 years major league baseball players had to endure these and many other inequities as victims of baseball's oppressive "reserve clause." As if a player was a chattel, the reserve clause bound him to one team indefinitely until he was traded, sold, or retired; baseball's unique structure left the discontented player with no other alternative than quitting.

Protected by a self-perpetuated patriotic facade that advertised baseball as the "American game" and "national pastime," owners conducted their business exempt from anti-trust and labor laws. An awestruck Supreme Court helped build the owners' unassailable empire in a 1922 ruling that upheld the reserve clause and naively defined baseball as "sport, not trade." Only a handful of courts and legislators dared to invade an area the Court branded sacred until 1976 when a federal arbitrator declared the reserve clause illegal and a federal judge concurred.

The Imperfect Diamond excels as a dramatic, stirring portrayal of traditional confrontation between labor and management. Throughout baseball history players tried to organize unions such as the Brotherhood of Professional Baseball Players of 1890 and to join rebel leagues such as the Federal League of 1914. Owners like Albert Spalding—who once claimed that "labor and capital" are "irrepressible enemies"—took their cues from the Pullmans and Mellons when they resorted to such union-busting tactics as blacklists, canceling employees' checks, and labeling any attempt to unionize baseball "ideological war" which "attracted people with avowed Communist tendencies" (Branch Rickey, 1949). The AFL, Knights of Labor, and CIO slip in and out of these pages and John L. Lewis and Samuel Gompers make cameo appearances. Even Walter Johnson, a Hall of Fame pitcher known more for his fast ball than for analysis of class struggle, deplored the labor strife as a "direct application of the great intelligent American business principle dog eat dog. . . . The employer tries to starve out the laborer and the laborer tries to ruin the employer's business." Surprising quotations like these help construct an absorbing account of a hitherto little publicized American labor movement.

Today, despite protests from the press and the owners' persistent efforts to recapture their former stronghold, a healthy, secure union has gained the players numerous benefits including higher pensions and minimum salaries and the remote opportunity to join the ranks of baseball's few millionaires. Unfortunately, *The Imperfect Diamond* does not offer much insight into the most popular question baseball fans are asking today: should any man playing a boy's game receive such astronomical sums of money? For the past several years virtually all owners have continued to rake in massive profits from a steadily soaring baseball attendance and lucrative television contracts. To illustrate the financial benefits of owning a baseball team in 1977 the *New York Times* printed a graph depicting the Yankee's 1977 season in which the proportion of player cost to gate receipt resembled a baseball next to a basketball. But why? Adam Smith answered this quite clearly in *The Wealth of Nations*: even if we resent "players, opera-singers, opera-dancers, etc." for engaging in "public prostitution," their "exorbitant rewards" are justified by the "rarity and beauty of their talents." If such a system so handsomely rewards entertainer Johnny Carson, entertainer Willie Mays deserves the same. Confessing that America's national pastime is, like any other business, motivated by the almighty dollar should never spoil any true fan's passion for the great game.

David Seideman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence, *from page 2*

from criminals and not from the police, and a genuine civil liberties organization would try to balance our need to prevent and punish crime with our need to maintain individual rights, our need to walk the streets with some belief that criminals can be punished with our need to be secure from arbitrary arrest.

Since the ACLU has not recognized this aspect of civil liberties, it is not surprising that it is willing to join with the most reactionary elements in opposing the Kennedy-Drinan bills.

Lawrence W. Hyman
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Damning with praise

To the editors:

"In Memoriam—A.H." (*TNR*, July 26) did such damage to Alfred Hitchcock's memory by casting him in its refracted banalities and empty prose that its purpose and provenance were baffling on first reading. Fortunately, a review of *Wilderness of Mirrors* appeared a few pages later. In retrospect the homage paid by Mark Crispin Miller must, can only, be the critical equivalent of disinformation in the intelligence world—"discriticism" perhaps?

Henry Fetter
New York, New York

To the editors:

Alfred Hitchcock was a fine filmmaker, but "one of the greatest artists of the century," and *North by Northwest* a modernist masterpiece? One would think, reading Mark Crispin Miller's essay, that no other director in history knew how to employ visual detail, how to manipulate an audience, how to help actors give good performances, etc. Miller's resentment of Hitchcock's critics—whose cultural position he would rather fabricate than quote and examine—is far more compelling than his argument for the director. That Hitchcock has been unfairly underrated does not make Miller less silly in placing him above Bergman, Eisenstein, Renoir, Buñuel, Lang, Welles, Ozu, and every other director who ever lived.

Leslie Phillips
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Correction:
A line was left out of Jason Epstein's review of *The Cost of Good Intentions* by Charles R. Morris in the August 16 issue of *TNR*. The sentence on page 44 should have read: "Long after they should have stopped, they continued to spend money that the city didn't have."

Read Wolf!

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke (Politics: "The Neoconservative Dilemma," *TNR*, August 2 & 9) should read Wolf Blitzer's "Reagan's Saudi Link" (*TNR*, July 26). Two founding members of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority are mentioned by Blitzer as top foreign policy advisers to Governor Reagan. Both Uri Ra'anan and Richard Pipes were present at the birth of CDM. Both also served on the Board of Directors of its Massachusetts chapter when I was chairman of same. At present, an exhaustive poll of the organization probably would show that Governor Reagan enjoys significant support among the non-officeholding members. This is mostly Carter's fault. His persistent snubbing of CDM initiatives and advice contrasted with Reagan's willingness to listen. This brought many CDM members into the Republican fold—at least for 1980.

Kenneth S. Schneider
Jericho, New York

The New Republic Classified

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send copy or call collect: Theresa Miller, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494.

Associations

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: NR 44, RD 1 Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

Buttons/Bumperstickers

"APOCALPSE NO!" Defy the Doomsayers. Bumperstickers only $2.00. Don't wait 'till it's too late, Order Now! Baberstickers, 3850 Willamette NR-1, Eugene, OR 97405

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

For bumber stickers and preprinted cards addressed to ABC-TV and major advertisers, send $4.95 to the Monday Night Football Committee, Box 10208, Fort Wayne, IN 46851.

Business Opportunities

EARN $750.00 WEEKLY STUFFING ENVELOPES! Rush stamped envelope, +25¢: GALAXY, Box 6364-NR, Corpus Christi, TX 78411

500 WAYS TO GET RICH IN MAIL ORDER. Free information. Januz D-3070, Box 1000, Lake Forest, IL 60045.

Campaign '80

JOHN ANDERSON T-SHIRTS!

Quality silk screened (blue on white)
Specify S-M-L-XL
Only $6.95 plus $1.00 postage (50¢ post. ea. additional shirt)

"Darth Reagan" T-shirt also available.
Dealer inquiries encouraged!
Send your check or money order to:
E*L*F* Productions
P.O. Box #5343
Portland, Or. 97228

"ANYONE BUT REAGAN" bumper strips, $1. Box 3262, Redwood City, California 94064

In your heart you know it's true! "SLIM PICKINS for PRESIDENT in 1980" for bumpersticker send $1: SPCF, P. O. Box 17914, Tampa, FL 33682

"DON'T VOTE — It Only Encourages Them" bumpersticker. Send $2.00, 5/$7.50, 10/$12.00: Kidgloves, P.O. Box 816, Northampton, MA 01061

BUMPERSTICKER 12" x 3" — $1.00

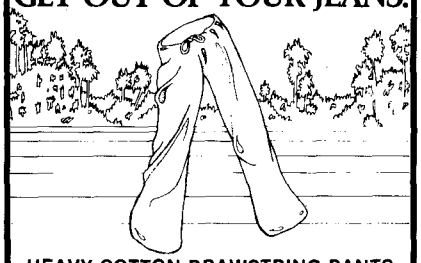
NONE OF THE ABOVE

Garland, 953 Eighth Ave., Suite 208-R
San Diego, CA 92101

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Clothing

GET OUT OF YOUR JEANS!



HEAVY COTTON DRAWSTRING PANTS
Durable comfort in *Natural • SkyBlue • Navy • Pecan Plum • Black • White —State hip/waist measurements*
$15 postpaid · Free Catalogue and swatches.
DEVA ,Box NX, Burkittsville, Maryland 21718

Collectibles

Genuine silver photo of Walt Whitman from Brady negative in National Archives. Collector's quality. Authenticated. $20. DIADEM, 19 Palisade, Demarest, N.J. 07627.

Gold!!! Genuine 23 carat gold postage stamps from Staffa, Scotland. 6£ denomination. 13 stamps in all, each depicting the original state seal of first 13 colonies. Perfect condition. With cert. of authenticity. $500 for the set. Reply TNR Box 9630.

Employment Opportunities

ENV. Organization seeks director. Experience in water policy, politics and organizational management. Start October, salary $900 mo. Send resume: Friends of the River, Fort Mason, SF 94123.

Don't accept any job without consulting
INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE
Monthly issues reveal current opportunities for career and temporary overseas employment.
Discover what's waiting for you in the world—and how to get it now!
Send to: International Employment Hotline, 543 Grand Boulevard, Suite AA, Venice, CA 90291

YES! I want HOTLINE information on international employment opportunities. Send me:
☐ $24.50 (US) one-year subscription
☐ $15.00 (US) six-month subscription
☐ $10.50 (US) three-month subscription
Enclosed $_____ ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
(please print)
Name _____
Address _____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Send to: International Employment Hotline, 543 Grand Boulevard, Suite AA, Venice, CA 90291

Financial

Independent Money: Earnings at home. 10 practical, proven, widely varied strategies for the 80's. $4.00. Ask to be on our mailing list. The Higashi Group, Box 22472, Seattle, WA 98122

MORTGAGES, LOANS. First determine monthly payments, annual interest charges, effects of inflation. Easy with LOANEX. $5, Box 5902, Austin, TX 78763.

Sell your own home. Save an average of $3000. You can do it! Instructional booklet $3. J & R, 27 Hillside Williamsville, NY 14221

WHY DRILL OIL WELLS NOW? Copyrighted articles for interested investors. Tax shelter details, profits, types, risks and how to. Remit $5.95 per copy. Walter Jay, Box 575B, Fox Lake, IL 60020.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

THE PALMS OF KEY WEST. A tropical guesthouse for Gay men. Relax around our secluded pool with some good conversation and a cool drink. For brochure call your hosts Kees and Terry. 820R White Street, Key West, FL 33040. (305) 294-3146.

CAPE COD VACATION—PROVINCETOWN. Rooms available in beautiful old inn, right on water. Close to everything. On site gourmet restaurant. Write: Rosy, 603 Commercial St., Provincetown, MASS 02657. OR better yet, call: (617) 487-0307.

MEXICO: Exclusive doesn't mean expensive. Charming hotel—pool, near beaches, nightlife in the real Acapulco Brochure: PUNTO PENASCO, 517 Washington, San Francisco, CA 94111. (415) 781-3967.

ATTN: World Travelers

At last! A monthly publication for the frequent globetrotter. Latest news on customs, currency, laws, air fares, charters. Columns on cruises, sports, lodging, tours, shopping, health, solo travel, dining, wines, art, photography and much more. Observations by our readers exchanging the good and the bad. We "tell it like it is." One-year subscription only $9.97. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. **International Travel News**, 2120 28th St., #283, Sacramento, CA 95818.

TITLES, Professionalize your home movies. Super 8mm set with VACATION, BIRTHDAY, CHRISTMAS $5.00. Emart, Box 3907-NR, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Instruction

Learn Mental Imagery Techniques. Control your own Destiny. Call OMNI (301) 565-9453. Private/Group rate.

SLEEP-LEARNING tapes, books! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, WA 98507.

Legal Services

Trials—Appeals. Federal, State. Field (212) 434-0781. Evenings (212) 434-1825.

Literature

FLATULENT? (FREQUENTLY?) FEAR NOT! Read Benjamin Franklin's long-suppressed essay of 1780 on (believe it or not) farting. Hilarious! Frameable. $4. "Essay," Box 69-W, Carrboro, NC 27510.

"Not to be missed for Paris-bound tourists or even those who want the flavor of the quartier staying home."
—Los Angeles Times

PARISWALKS

Alison and Sonia Landes
Revised and expanded

Five intimate walking tours of the most historic and enchanting quartiers of the Left and Right Banks, with maps, photos, and up-to-date listings of hotels and restaurants.

Send $5.95 plus 50¢ postage & handling to **New Republic Books**, 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036.

"THE DIRTY GAME" Poems on politics. Send $2.00, P. O. Box 8734, Durham, NC 27707

HISTORY OF DANISH-AMERICAN FOLK SCHOOLS. $5 postpaid. Enok Mortensen, 586 4th Place, Solvang, CA 93463

Literary Services

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free searcn service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Box 300 Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10113.

LET US PUT WORDS IN YOUR MOUTH: advertising copy, letters, editing, technical writing. Small accounts welcome. Ivy Communications, P. O. Box 4921, Fairview Park, OH 44126

SCHOLARLY, LITERARY, TECHNICAL, O.P. TITLES are our specialty. Current Catalog —$2.00; Free searches. J. HOOD, BOOKSELLER, 1401 Massachusetts, Lawrence, KS 66044.

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

Music

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit and completed forms. For brochure, write Burton Harpsichords, 4921 N. 57th, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

100 Best Rock Records of the 70's. Send business S.A.S.E. for free list to: ROCKINGCHAIR, P.O. Box 27H, Philadelphia, PA 19105.

Fine Hardwood Music Stands . . .
Early Music Stands makes the finest in hardwood music stands, upholstered performers benches, instrument stands, and much more. For your copy of our new 32 page mail order catalog of *chamber music furniture*, please send $1 (refunded on first order).
Early Music Stands
Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

Personal

Literary woman seeks intelligent and funny friends in Hartford, CT. TNR 9640.

Lonely? Meet New and Exciting Playmates, Join our Swinging Club. Send large S.A.S.E. for detailed application. ACVID, Box 62-J, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exceptional Male, Age 39, Philadelphian. Can wow you in many ways, Human Services Oriented, Interested in everything else. Desires meeting independent and kind woman. TNR 8655.

Intelligent, Black Male, 29; Seeking "friendship", Those willing to travel. A.E. Groce, 138-402, P.O. Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio 45699

Weary male professional, 46, almost divorced, seeking kindred spirit for pleasant relationship. I value intelligence, honesty, warmth and a modicum of attractiveness. Central Jersey-Philadelphia area. TNR box 9625

DISTRESSED about husband's drinking? Helpful, authoritative guide, $3.95. Power Publishing Co., Box 2272-R, Fort Myers, FL 33902

CHRISTIANS ARE PREFERRED gets single, widowed, divorced persons acquainted. Nationwide. Box 31622, Phoenix, Arizona 85046

FINE ARTS NETWORK helps cultured singles find each other. Nationwide music, literature, art lovers. Information? Stamped, self-addressed envelope to Box 4714RM, Cleveland, Ohio 44126

SINGLE BOOK LOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970 (or call (215) 566-2132).

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles-anywhere. Call DATELINE-free. 800-451-3245

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

Far East correspondents seek American correspondents. Cherry Blossoms, Hanokaa, HI 96727.

Extremely attractive man, over 50, of integrity and real distinction and accomplishment, plus a sense of the ridiculous, sought by loving fabulous woman, N.Y. and 171, CT. Snapshot, please, TNR 9650.

Property Sale/Rent

Beach homes, luxurious but inexpensive. Moontide, Rt. 1, Box 1990, Santa Rosa Beach, FLA 32459.

Town of N.E. Duchess County, New York. 17th Century Dutch Colonial, authentically restored. 3 bedrooms, 3 baths, 3 fireplaces. 18 inch plank floors, pegged beams, 8 2/3 acres, fish/swim pond. Near summer/winter recreation and cultural facilities. Trotta Realty: (518) 789-4656 or (518) 789-3282.

For lease in Letchworth, ENGLAND: 3 bedroom, fully furnished house, 40 miles from London. Rent £150 monthly, plus utilities. Married couple. Box 103, Lawrence, KS 66044

SABBATICAL? Rent/Exchange housing worldwide. LOAN-A-HOME, 18N Darwood Place. Mt. Vernon, New York 10553.

Recipes

THE BUDGET GOURMET—15 delightful recipes, none costly or very difficult. $2.50, S.A.S.E.: Mrs. Molyneux, 5532 Wayburn, Detroit, MI 48224.

RICHEST CHOCOLATE desserts ever! Eight scrumptious recipes, $1.50: Box 77, Otter Rock, OR 97369.

Make Japanese Sake at home. Essential for creating and accompanying Japanese cuisine. Simple ingredients and supplies. Total cost about 90¢ a fifth. $2.00 plus S.A.S.E. TNR Box 9645.

Palate, titillating, original turn of the century PIQUANT FRENCH DRESSING, Recipe-$1.00, S.A.S.E. to Jana, P.O. Box 14563, Savannah, GA 31406.

Unusual family recipes. S.A.S.E., $2.00: P.O. Box 3841, Tequesta, FL 33458.

Authentic French-Onion soup. Superb-so easy. $2.00, S.A.S.E.: 18 Otis Place, Scituate, MA 02066.

Delicious, colonial recipes, $1.00. P. O. Box 941, West Caldwell, NJ 07006

Religion

The Society of Evangelical Agnostics Logo and information SEA. Box 612NR, Fresno, CA 93709.

Vacation Travel

MEXICO-Gentleman, retired, 65, will escort 1 or 2 mature women on trips to Mexico. TNR box 9660.

Wanted

WRITER WANTS TO INTERVIEW single women who have chosen artificial insemination, for book. Confidential. Jean Lawrence, 1725 DeSales, N.W., Suite 600, Washington, DC 20036.

Etc.

FAMINE AND THE UNITED NATIONS

Famine conditions on the East Coast of Africa and in Cambodia persist. A more strident effort should be made by the U.N. to send aid in an effective and protective manner with greater contributions from the oil rich nations such as Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates, etc. Also, greater contributions from food rich nations such as The United States, Canada, and Australia. Long term programs of self-development and a World Food Reserve would benefit the aims of the United Nations.

You may NEVER hit another TOLLBOOTH while digging quarters! TOLLSAVER holds coins quietly on your dashboard. Send $2.00 to NUMA, Box 1732, Newport Beach, CA 92663.

Stay up on the Draft with Draft counselor's newsletter Sample $1.00. $15.00 yr. 1251-R Second Ave., San Francisco 94122.

100 COPING TIPS FOR PROFESSIONAL WOMEN. Send $1 and S.A.S.E. to: M&M, Box 10063, Chicago, ILL 60610.

WINEMAKERS FREE ENCYCLOPEDIA. Winemaking, Beermaking supplies. Equipment. Ingredients. Vynox Industries, P.O. Box NR 7498, Rochester, NY 14615.

UNIQUE FRENCH TRIVIA! 8 pages. $2.00 plus S.A.S.E. French Facts, Box 291, Columbus GA 31906.

"GAMES FOR LEARNING MATH" illustrates 153 activities for home and school, sequenced, grades K-6, to help child master concepts and develop skills in numeration through sets, symbols, addition, etc. $8.50. M-T Education Aids, 3809 Dorcas, Nashville, TN 37215.

Am formulating crusade for Socialism in U.S. Need funds- Send $1.00 to P.J. Buchanan, P.O. Box 58. Merricil, N.Y. 11566

FINE WALKING STICKS & CANES
Free color brochure, Marchele Co. Dept. NRD, Fort Washington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10040.

Learn how top players cash in on greyhound racing's $2 billion yearly handle. Rush only $9.95 for Greyhound Interview book to Precision Publishing Company, Box 172, Fort Myers, Florida 33902.

Voodoo is our only hope. The electoral process is failing. Voodoo dolls of Major Candidates. Specify "Ronnie" or "Jimmy". Send $6.95 to: BULLSEYE, Box 6619, Grand Rapids, MICH 49506

INTRODUCE YOUR AD TO A QUARTER MILLION READERS FOR JUST $1 A WORD!

Vacation/Travel

PUERTO RICO Luquillo Beach House 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney. Box 460. Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028

*SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Pay for 2 ads—get # 3 FREE!.

Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR Box #'s. (complete rate info on preceding pg.)

Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send Copy or *call collect* Theresa Miller, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC. 20036. (202) 331-7494.

My ad reads:

THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Convention Diarist

Evacuation

President Carter's announcement of a new plan for evacuating national leaders from Washington in case of nuclear attack came just as I was revising my own evacuation plans. The government's arrangement involves putting the really crucial people on airplanes that circle around in the sky indefinitely and never land. I intend to accomplish the same thing by hopping the Eastern shuttle to New York. Last week I decided that it was time for a trial run. Much to my dismay, the plane landed without delay, and—what's worse—the city turned out to be full of all the people who cause such mixed feelings about the prospect of a nuclear attack on Washington. Politicians, journalists, special assistants, lobbyists—only the real estate agents seem to have stayed behind. And I'm told that they're immune to radiation. Or is that cockroaches? Anyway, a direct hit on Madison Square Garden about now (Wednesday evening, August 13) might not bring peace, but it would provide some blessed quiet.

With no reporting duties and no party invitations of any significance or gravity, I have even less justification for being here than my 12,000 fellow journalists self-importantly milling about the Garden and the Statler Hotel across the street. I'm told that there are 3,000 or so genuine delegates here somewhere, but I can't say that I've actually seen one close up. Not having convenient access to a television, I have no idea what's going on. Most of the real reporting seems to be done from something called the "Railroad Lounge" located in one of several tent cities set up for the news delegations in public spaces around the Garden. There the Association of American Railroads—which knows the pleasures of the free lunch—offers sandwiches and TV sets for the press only. Delegates are on their own for food and information.

As in so much of American life, the essence of this convention is credentials. But it may be a few years before the Educational Testing Service manages to universalize the system adopted here, where you wear your credentials on a large card dangling from a string around your neck. New sets are distributed for each day, and much time and energy are spent picking them up, passing them out, tearing off stubs, and generally swaggering them around. The alleged purpose is security, but the only explanation for the elaborate distinctions between levels of credentials and the enormous organization dedicated to enforcing them—if not the only reasons for the entire extravaganza—is to feed the participants' self-regard. This, too, I think, is a mirror of life outside. Getting to your assigned place at the Garden requires flashing your credentials to at least two dozen officials. The initial approach is horizontal, past rows of police who have closed off the block around the Garden in order to keep out people with no credentials at all. Having run the gauntlet, the credentialed ones reach the entrance to the Garden itself at a peak of self-esteem. Then a vertical sifting process begins. As a general rule, the higher-ups sit lower down. The crowd is sent up banks of escalators. At each level some are selected and the rest are waved on up to the next floor. "Honored Guests" this way, mere "Guests" that way, "press" here, "special press" over here, and so on. I ran into a woman labeled "Upstage" who looked very pleased with herself, and rightly so. *The New Republic* field force, operating with a skeletal staff of only six people (slightly more than we'd need to cover a major war, but fewer than the *Washington Post* encampment of about 50) was assigned to row "X," only one escalator ride from total humiliation. One enthusiastic young officer of the Status Police pronounced that the X on one of our tickets was insufficiently distinct. The accused person virtuously darkened her X with a pencil (feeling, perhaps, like Hester Prynn) before proceeding to the next checkpoint. There, an eagle-eyed enforcer accused her of forging her X. Only by pointing out that it would be foolish to forge an X when so many more prestigious letters were available were we permitted to pass. But the ultimate sanction that deters people from sneaking in, I think, is the knowledge that without credentials you can't get out again. Any unfortunate who managed to sneak in to hear, say, Edward Kennedy's moral victory speech would be trapped and doomed to hours of debate over minority planks on obscure issues and remarks by representatives of groups like the National Association of County Commissioners or Native Americans for Abortion Rights in Guam.

"I realize that some will deride this plank as visionary. . . ." a speaker whose name I never caught declared about 20 minutes ago concerning a proposal that already has slipped my mind. This mock heroic rhetorical device of fearlessly championing indisputable sentiments against nonexistent enemies seems to be a favorite here. The best example so far came a few minutes ago from Chuck Robb, the handsome and apparently brainless LBJ son-in-law who is lieutenant governor of Virginia. Given about two and a half minutes during the dinnertime slow period to articulate his military and political philosophy, Robb declared: "The flag that millions of Americans have fought and died for is not a Republican flag, it's an American flag." To illustrate this point, he went on: "I still get quivers down my spine when I hear the national anthem." Then, to stave off what he apparently expected would be an avalanche of criticism, he concluded fiercely: "I make that statement without apology." I looked around, expecting the crowd to rise up in a spontaneous demand that he apologize immediately for thrilling to the national anthem, but no one besides me had been paying any attention to Robb's hectoring.

"Are you from *The New Republic?*" A fan? Sadly no, a lobbyist. According to an exhaustive survey in the newsletter of the subdivision I live in in Washington, eight members of our little community went to the Republican convention in Detroit. One was an alternate delegate, two or three were press, and the rest were there representing the interests of certified public accountants or veterans of foreign wars or plumbing contractors or suchlike. It is the same here in New York. On the plane, I watched a fat man block Stuart Eizenstat's passage to a seat. "Hi Stu, Joe Shmoe of the American Chiropractic Association." Hard as this is to believe, the president's chief domestic adviser was very glad to see this fellow, or so he said, though he didn't stop to chat. My own importuner really was a pleasure to meet: Margot St. James, head of COYOTE ("Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics"). COYOTE is the prostitution lobby, a charming redundancy. Margot St. James is also charming, as a good lobbyist should be. In classic lobbyist style, she began by dropping a name: Ken Bode, the TV star who toiled as politics editor of *TNR* in his salad days. An old friend, it seems. Ken used to be interested in sex before he got involved in politics. In the feverishly self-contained atmosphere of this convention, it's easy to lose track of the really important things in life. It's good to have people like Margot St. James here to remind us.

M.E.K.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Essential reading for anyone interested in understanding the post-Watergate role of money in politics...

Parties, Interest Groups, and Campaign Finance Laws

The experts on campaign finance debate the impact of federal regulation of political campaigns.

* How have the federal election laws affected the power of organized interest groups?
* Who, if anyone, has benefited from the laws?
* Has the law changed campaign strategies?
* Have federal and state campaign finance regulations affected national and state party organizations?
* How do campaign finance laws in other countries affect their own parties and interest groups?

Edited by AEI Resident Fellow Michael J. Malbin, the 384 page report is the result of a two-day conference sponsored by the American Enterprise Institute in September 1979. Participants spanned the political and academic waterfront, including representatives of organizations committed to campaign reform (Common Cause and the Democratic Study Group), academic skeptics and friends, representatives of the federal election commission, political professionals from both major parties, leading political journalists, and a wide-ranging group of political action committee representatives.

TO ORDER: Send $8.25 (or $15.25 cloth) per copy to:

American Enterprise Institute
Department 115
1150 Seventeenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Be sure to include your name and address and the number of copies you want. To order by phone or for information regarding special discounts on quantity orders, call (202) 862-5869. (Payment must accompany all orders under $15.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO SAVE FUEL DURING YOUR SUMMER VACATION

ENGINE TUNING, TIRE PRESSURE, AND HOW YOU DRIVE MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE.

You're sure to be on the move this summer. With gas more expensive, you may find helpful a few simple reminders on the best ways to get maximum mileage. They won't take a lot of time, and may save you a fair amount at the gas pump.

A car that is properly tuned and maintained will be the most fuel-efficient. Newer GM cars require less routine maintenance than older ones, but all cars require some periodic checkups. Fouled spark plugs, improper spark timing or clogged oil and air filters all can reduce mileage significantly. So be sure to follow the maintenance program in your GM Owner's Manual and Maintenance Schedule.

Underinflated tires waste lots of gas. Tires that are too soft have a higher rolling resistance, which forces the engine to work harder and to use more fuel. So have the tire pressures checked periodically, or use a tire gauge yourself, to be sure your tires are inflated to the pressure recommended in the GM Owner's Manual.

Use your air conditioner prudently. Whenever possible, use the vent position on the air conditioner to circulate air; it's not only quieter and cleaner than opening the windows all the way, but your car presents less wind resistance with the windows up. If you park in the shade, your car will be cooler when you get in, so it'll be easier to keep comfortable without making the air conditioner work so hard.

Keeping the proper amount of coolant in the radiator will help prevent your car from overheating. It won't save fuel, but it may save expensive towing costs. A lot of people think it's okay just to add extra water, but that can actually cause the mixture in your radiator to boil. Coolant—a 50/50 mixture of ethylene glycol antifreeze and water—raises the boiling temperature and will therefore help prevent overheating.

Your driving habits are probably the most important factor of all in saving fuel. The best advice we can give is to drive at moderate speeds and accelerate evenly. For example, jackrabbit starts take much more gasoline than gradual acceleration. Frequent stops will also cost you fuel, because every "pump" of the accelerator means extra gas going through the carburetor. Also, "riding the brake" creates a lot of unnecessary friction and wastes gas.

Extra weight in your trunk, such as tire chains, golf clubs you don't plan to use, even unnecessary luggage, takes more gas to haul. And finally, driving at high speeds substantially reduces fuel economy. So observing the 55 mile per hour speed limit makes economic sense and may save lives, too. Tests confirm that you can get approximately 20% better mileage by driving at 50 miles per hour than at 70 miles per hour.

Attention to routine maintenance and moderation in how you drive are the keys to getting the best mileage from your car during this summer. That'll save you money and help make sure that there's enough gas for others to enjoy a summer vacation, too.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation to serve people

RECEIVED
AUG 19 '80
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
RITTER LIBRARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED